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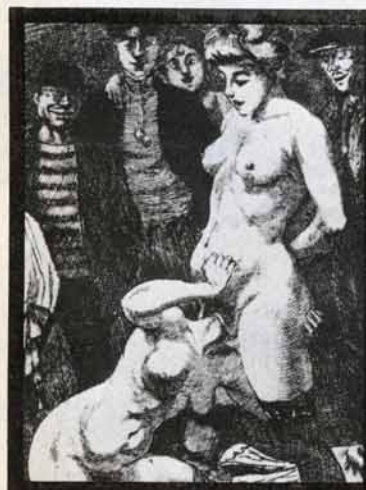
VOL.2 NO.7

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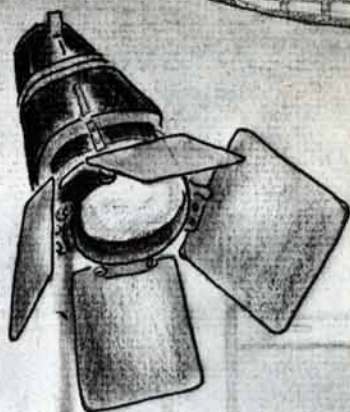


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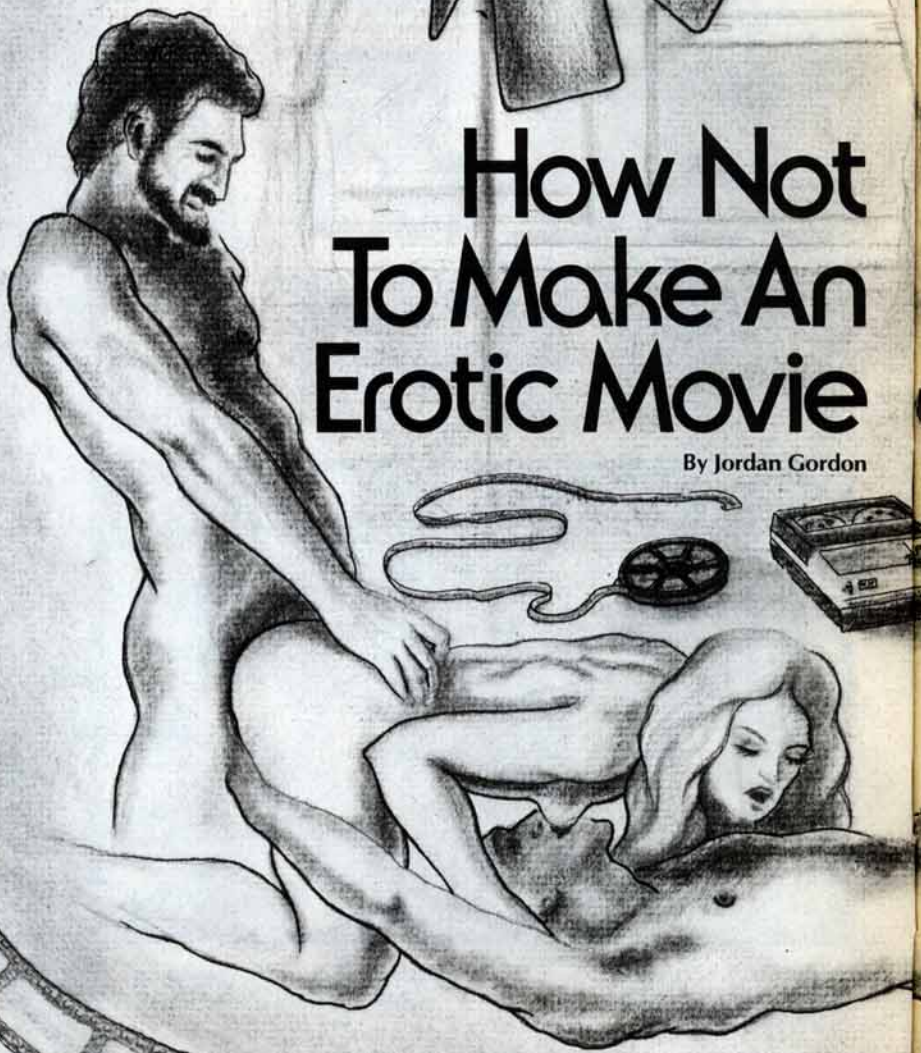
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"Six friends wanted
to make the raunchiest
movie ever and ended
up with a list of
disasters that would
have made Gen.
Custer weep with joy!"



How Not To Make An Erotic Movie

By Jordan Gordon



Six friends of mine wanted to produce an erotic film. Aside from the profit motive, they felt that their film would be one of the raunchiest ever made. Some other friends, including myself, agreed. The six swingers (three couples) not only wanted to produce the film, they wanted to star in it as well. They were into every kind of sex from standard missionary, reliable cunnilingus, hard and mild Greek

(analingus), enemas, water sports and anything else you can name.

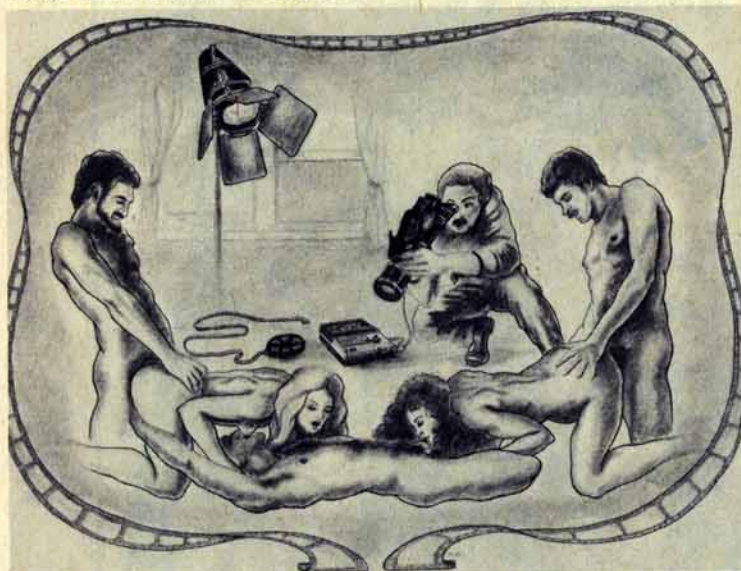
There were a total of ten investors, including the swinging six who felt that making money for what they loved to do the best would guarantee a film that would knock the audiences out of their seats. Unfortunately, what happened was not only a minor financial disaster, it almost made everyone want to give up swinging. Actually, the film has to



be the funniest sex flick ever made, but that's what killed it—the humor.

As a devout erotic film buff, I get completely turned off if I see comedy in a porn film. It's not that I don't have a sense of humor, but I don't dig laughs when my cock wants to fuck Marilyn Chambers or get gobbled by Sarah Nicholson. My friends feel the same way; if we want humor, we'll watch Peter Sellers as Inspector

How Not To Make An Erotic Movie



Clousseau. We have walked out of movies because the humor was so bad and so obviously contrived. Humor was a *verboden* word with my group when it came to erotic films. So the end result is we have the funniest erotic movie sitting in the can and no one wants to see it, especially us.

Nevertheless, we showed it to some distributors and they fell out of their seats, holding their stomachs from laughing so hard. Three distributors paid us for a print so they could screen it just for their friends. Maybe it'll become a collector's item but, in case some producer wants it for distribution (the humor notwithstanding), it is available.

We got off on the wrong foot by using my apartment for the main and only set. I live in a ground floor front apartment in Manhattan. On this particular April day the weather was like July, incredibly hot and

humid, and my air conditioner was still in winter storage. All I could do was open every window in the place.

A word about the cast. Ted and Lois, Rip and Ellen and Ben and Susan know and practice every form of sexual depravity ever invented, so there were no inhibitions to worry about. Their physical appearances—especially the girls—were as good as, and perhaps even better than many people in the field today. Rip's cock could duel John Holmes' anytime and Lois claims what she forgot about sucking, Miss Lovelace has yet to learn.

The females: Ellen is a tall redhead, long and straight with dark red hair, size 38 tits and legs that are as long as a highway; Lois is 5'5 with shoulder-length black hair, green eyes and size 40 jugs! She loves it when guys explode on her breasts so that Ellen and Susan can lick the cum off. Susan has wavy, long brown hair, is 5'6, 108 pounds with smallish tits and an incredible ass! When Susan walks, her behind looks pregnant, the way it juts out. Her rear end was born to be greeked and Susan not only knows it, but loves it.

Susan has taken pricks into her jutting ass since she was sixteen, which was eight years ago. The only lubricant she ever uses is tongue saliva and I can speak from happy experience. She is so wild that she once tried to shove a whole Barbie doll up her cavern! During her non-swinging activities, she teaches American history. With attractive people like this, all experienced swingers, what went wrong?

One excellent reason—and a good one, too—was the lack of technical know-how. None of us had ever made a film before. We hired a legitimate cameraman. Unfortunately, Mr. Lagios was Mr. Conservative Square when it came to sex or sex films. When we engaged him, we only mentioned "It's a special kind of film." Mr. Lagios prime concern was money, and that was our smallest problem in the whole enterprise.

Three other investor friends (Gary, John and Tina) offered to serve as Assistant Cameraman, Sound Man and Make-up Lady, respectively. Ted, one of our stars,

(Continued on page 54)

"In the middle of a titanic orgasm our leading lady kicked the camera off the stand and ruined a \$5000 camera, as well as a beautiful erection!"

□ "Coming together" is the term swingers use for it. "Simultaneous orgasm" is how sexologists describe the soaring mutual climax experienced at exactly the same time by both partners during intercourse.

To be able to achieve simultaneous orgasm with every coupling has become a much sought-after triumph recently by partners who take their sex joys seriously. And there is no doubt that such an achievement is worth striving for if the striving doesn't become a mania—a tantalizing sex goal impossible to master. The achievement together of the ultimate high point of sexual union is so exquisite that it can transcend any other physical and psychological experience. But to make a fetish of "coming together" every time is a mistake, according to most sex authorities.

In fact, such authorities seriously doubt that any couple, however synchronized and skilled in the arts of love, can climax regularly at exactly the same time. Sex partners differ—often widely—in their response during the great majority of physical unions, and to most people simultaneous orgasm is an occasional but wonderful bonus to be savored all the more because of its elusiveness.

This elusiveness is well known to most copulating couples who are intrigued by the present trend to try hard for simultaneous climax. Usually the male is the stumbling block because by his very sexual nature he finds it difficult to restrain his ever-mounting tension as he makes love, and to deliberately wait for his partner to "catch up" and join him in the delirious explosion of mutual orgasm.

The very fact that the female knows that mutual orgasm is the goal tends to inhibit her response, too. Striving for it makes her feel she may fail to achieve it, and fear is notorious for ruining sexual performance.

A far more sensible technique under such circumstances, according to eminent sexologists, is to agree before intercourse begins that the male should reach his first climax uninhibited by any restrictions. After ejaculation his partner should stimulate him vigorously by hand or mouth until a firm erection is once more achieved and intromission can be resumed.

By this time—if the male has continued his own caresses and manual or oral stimulation—the female should be well on the way to her own first orgasm. This simultaneous climax can be synchronized more easily than during the first attempt, he with his second climax, she with her first. And since it is much easier for a woman to achieve her second orgasm having once reached the plateau of desire, her lover should unselfishly fulfill her sensual craving by continuing his stimulation techniques, even though he will probably find it impossible at this

Are the joys of simultaneous orgasm worth trying to obtain?

The Art of Coming Together

By PAUL BROCK



The Art of Coming Together

stage to achieve yet a third erection.

Such a technique adds up to at least two orgasms each with one simultaneous, and can be a deliriously enjoyable experience for both lovers.

With the present emphasis on the delights of simultaneous orgasm, many couples feel they are being cheated when it does not happen to them. This emphasis often comes from some distinguished members of the medical profession who say that the ideal towards which each sex partner should strive in intercourse is this simultaneous attainment of orgasm. "Of all erotic stimuli," says one expert, "none is so powerful as the sensing that one's sexual partner has been brought to an intense climax. To sense this achievement is to reach the loftiest peak of erotic satisfaction."

Other authorities, however, question the emphasis on "coming together" as the goal of intercourse. They are asking: "Is it readily attainable? Is it realistic? Is it necessary to true sexual harmony?"

It's true that many male lovers, concerned for the happiness and fulfillment of their sex partner, find their own orgasm an empty pleasure unless they have brought her to completion before their own climax, or simultaneously. When they fail to do this they will often feel guilty and, sometimes, inexperienced sexually as well.

Unfortunately it is a fact that in addition to those women—the great majority—who are much slower than their male partner in reaching climax, some women do not reach climax at all. This in spite of extended and elaborate love play. In such cases simultaneous orgasm is obviously impossible. To insist on it may destroy the sexual relationship rather than enhance it.

One young wife could not reach orgasm without extended manipulation of the clitoris. Her husband would always reach climax first, and then help her to completion. Because she was not able to reach orgasm at the very same time he did, she began to doubt her value as a sex partner.

Of course, these doubts only made her more tense and less able to relax and respond in the sexual embrace. Once again the fear of inadequacy was leading

to failure, and she was soon unable to reach any climax at all.

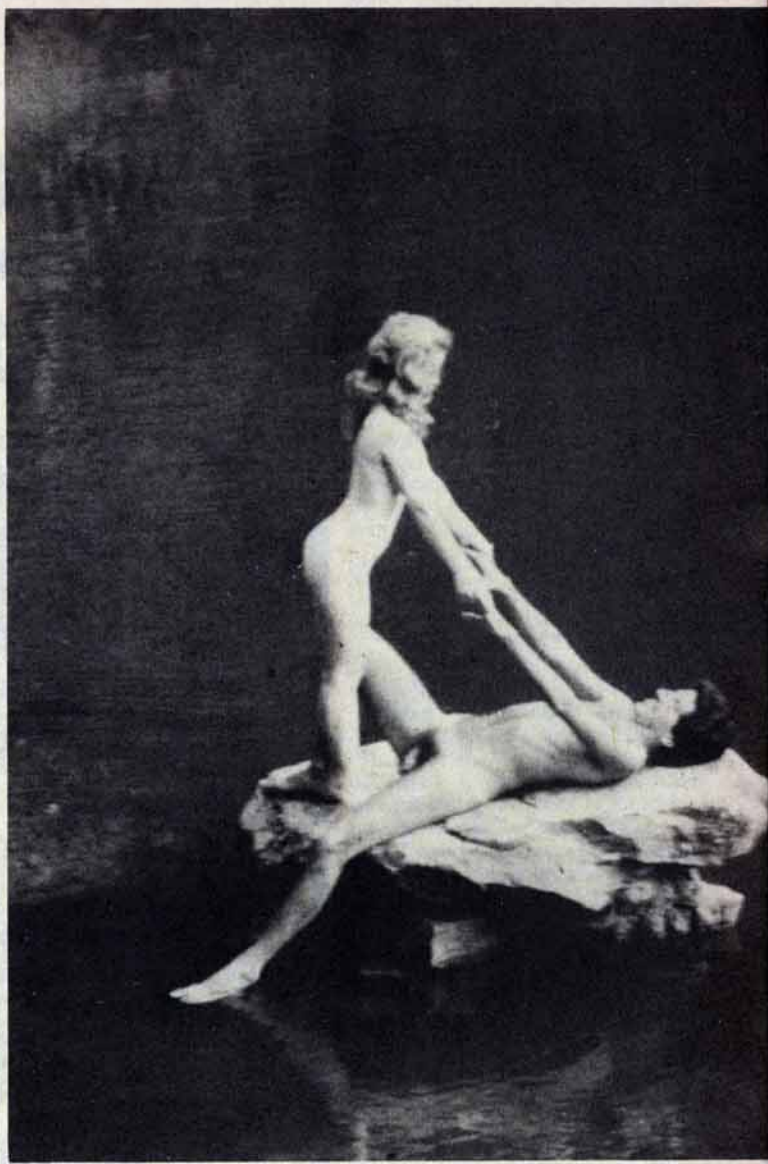
Her doubts as to her own ability as a wife carried over into other aspects of the couple's relationship. Distraught and weeping, she sought professional help. "I am not a good wife. I can't do anything right and I wouldn't blame my husband if he left me for some other and more sexy woman!" she cried to the counselor.

Her distress is shared by thousands of other females who desperately want to fulfill their lovers' dreams of simultaneous orgasm, as recommended not only by some authorities but by word of mouth from other couples who have been

fortunate enough to achieve it.

Yet the foremost authorities in the land have grave doubts about the reaching of mutual-and-at-the-same-moment climax. Dr. Albert Ellis, famed psychotherapist and sex sage, has declared that such a goal in intercourse "brings to coitus an additional and non-relevant factor of success-seeking which, especially among worrisome individuals with feelings of insecurity and inadequacy, often is a severe handicap.

"The partner who is difficult to gratify has enough problems in attaining climax," Dr. Ellis says, "without adding an additional one—namely, that of reaching





orgasm at exactly the same moment as the other partner. Just as two stout mates cannot expect to use some of the sex positions that two slightly built partners may employ, so couples which include one partner who achieves climax much more slowly than the other cannot be expected to try for goals of simultaneity."

Many men, too, are secretly anxious about their sexual ability. This anxiety often interferes with their sexual performance, especially when they have absorbed the widespread tales of the joys of simultaneous orgasm and wish to experience it for themselves. If the anxious male is frustrated in this goal he

becomes even more anxious, and what might already be a difficult sexual relationship is subjected to additional strains.

However, simultaneous orgasm is not impossible. Let us admit that it is indeed the loftiest peak of erotic response. But usually the couples who are able to reach it are those who are acutely aware of how their partner reacts sexually to stimulation, endearments and encouragement, who are superbly practiced at intercourse and are completely relaxed in the sexual relationship.

Through previous experience in intercourse, the expert male lover learns to

"hold back" while giving his partner a chance to catch up with him in sexual excitement. When he senses that his partner's orgasm is about to occur, he speeds up his own thrusts to coincide with the ever-accelerating rhythms. In other words, because of his experience with the same sex partner, he is able to "manipulate" her into simultaneous orgasm.

Such orgasms are not always the same in degree of intensity. They vary according to the mood of the partners, the environment, the methods of gratification and other factors. There is no need for anxiety if a simultaneous orgasm does not always reach the same soaring peak of pleasure. Sometimes, if there is particular stress and strain during the daily job, or an unusual problem that tends to eliminate other interests, sexual response may be noticeably hampered. Our sexual appetites vary as do our appetites for food.

A woman's ability to achieve a simultaneous climax with her lover depends largely on her attitude towards intercourse, her ability to concentrate, the extent of her wanting to enjoy it and her ability to abandon herself completely to the pleasurable sensation of the act.

Simultaneous orgasm usually has the effect of increasing the length of orgasm for her. Some women experience an almost unbearable intensity at the peak. Others experience one orgasm after another as the peak is approaching and until it is over for the man.

With many women the great secret behind leading them expertly to simultaneous orgasm is preliminary stimulation, and to males this usually means stimulation of the clitoris. The mistake males make, however, is to apply too intense stimulation to the clitoris. This can actually become quite painful to the woman. So much so that she has to reject it.

Male lovers should know that in masturbation almost no woman stimulates the glans (head) of the clitoris. She may touch it occasionally to begin with but usually she contacts the entire pubic area. She does stimulate the clitoris, but this is along the sides of the shaft or body of the clitoris, not the glans.

The more generalized stimulation of the whole pubic area, getting close but not concentrating too much on the clitoris, seems to produce the most desirable response. In fact, although the glans clitoris becomes quite prominent and evident during early sexual stimulation, if it is stimulated too directly it actually seems to withdraw within the clitoral hood of tissue.

The gentle tugging of the head of the clitoris and the sheath along the clitoris, which comes about through penetration of the vagina by the penis and penile

The Art of Coming Together

movement, is by far the best method of arousal. Pressure is applied against the whole clitoral area during intercourse, and provides the most potent stimulation for women. Too much stimulation of the clitoris actually makes continuation to actual climax impossible for many women.

Penile penetration, however, also speeds up stimulation in the male, sometimes to a level far exceeding that experienced by the woman. This may bring about ejaculation before the woman is ready for simultaneous orgasm—if the man does not withdraw. Immediately after he does, he should resume gentle hand stimulation of the woman's pubic area until he feels capable of sustaining further (and more desirable) penile penetration. In this way both partners can work up to the desired simultaneous climax.

Lots of young, virile men find it quite impossible to stick to such a technique in spite of their genuine concern for the fulfillment of their partner. Says a 21-year-old reader in a letter to this magazine: "My problem is that during intercourse I always reach my climax in less than a

minute. Could you give me some advice on postponing my climax and making it possible for my partner and myself to reach orgasm together? Or could there be something physically wrong with me?"

He has been told that it is not at all unusual for a young man to reach orgasm in a very short time. There is nothing wrong with it because Nature planned it that way to help ensure the propagation of the species. However, where a sensitive man has some concern for the sexual satisfaction of his partner, it is frequently advisable to learn to carry on intercourse through a longer period of time. This does take some practice and effort to acquire the accomplished lover's capacity of holding back his emission.

If a young and virile man is having intercourse only occasionally, this may account for the fact that he builds up such a great degree of tension that he finds it difficult to prolong intercourse. But he can do something practical about it. He can purchase at a drugstore a desensitizing ointment. If he can't find it on the shelves he should ask the druggist. One such anesthetic is nupercaine, a common household remedy available without prescription.

If a little of this ointment—and *only* a little should be used—is rubbed onto the glans (the head of the penis) 20 or 30 minutes before he attempts intercourse, it lessens sensation to a point where he can carry on thrusting through a much longer period of time without ejaculating, thus giving time for his partner to keep pace, and achieve with him a simultaneous orgasm.

Another method of prolonging intercourse is to wear a rubber condom. This will inhibit sensation sufficiently to make it possible to prolong intercourse, and reach the desired mutual climax.

Dr. Alfred Kinsey himself believed that women do not actually require more time than men to reach a simultaneous orgasm. He felt that the apparent slowness of a woman's sexual response was due—as stated here—to techniques of arousal rather than to any basic physical difference. He found that the average woman studied reached orgasm through masturbation in less than four minutes, while in sexual intercourse it took her from 10 to 20 minutes. "Actually," he wrote, "there are some females who regularly reach orgasm within a matter of 15 to 30 seconds. . . ."

The Kinsey investigators felt strongly that if simultaneous orgasm is desired, the male is well advised to make a real effort, *by thinking about it*, to delay his response until he is certain his partner is sufficiently aroused. This simple technique, even if it has to be combined with one or more of the others, should enable both sex partners to achieve the much-desired goal of "coming together."



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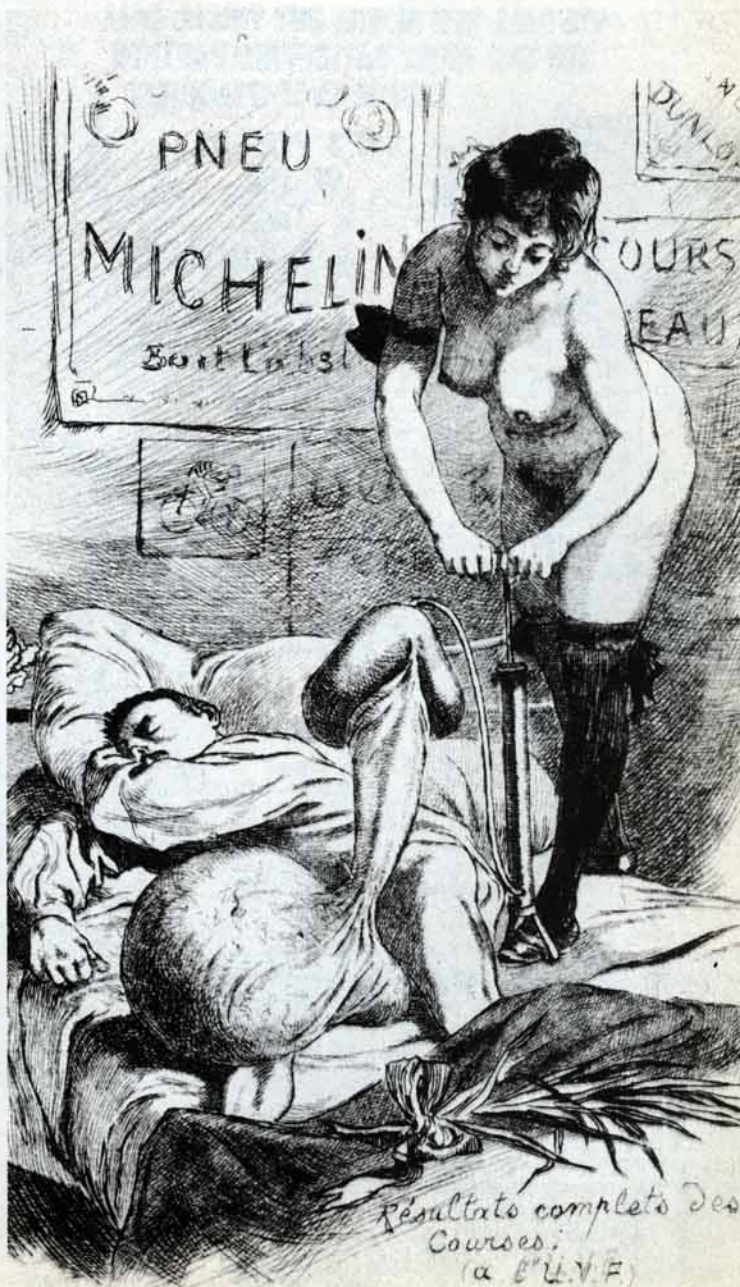
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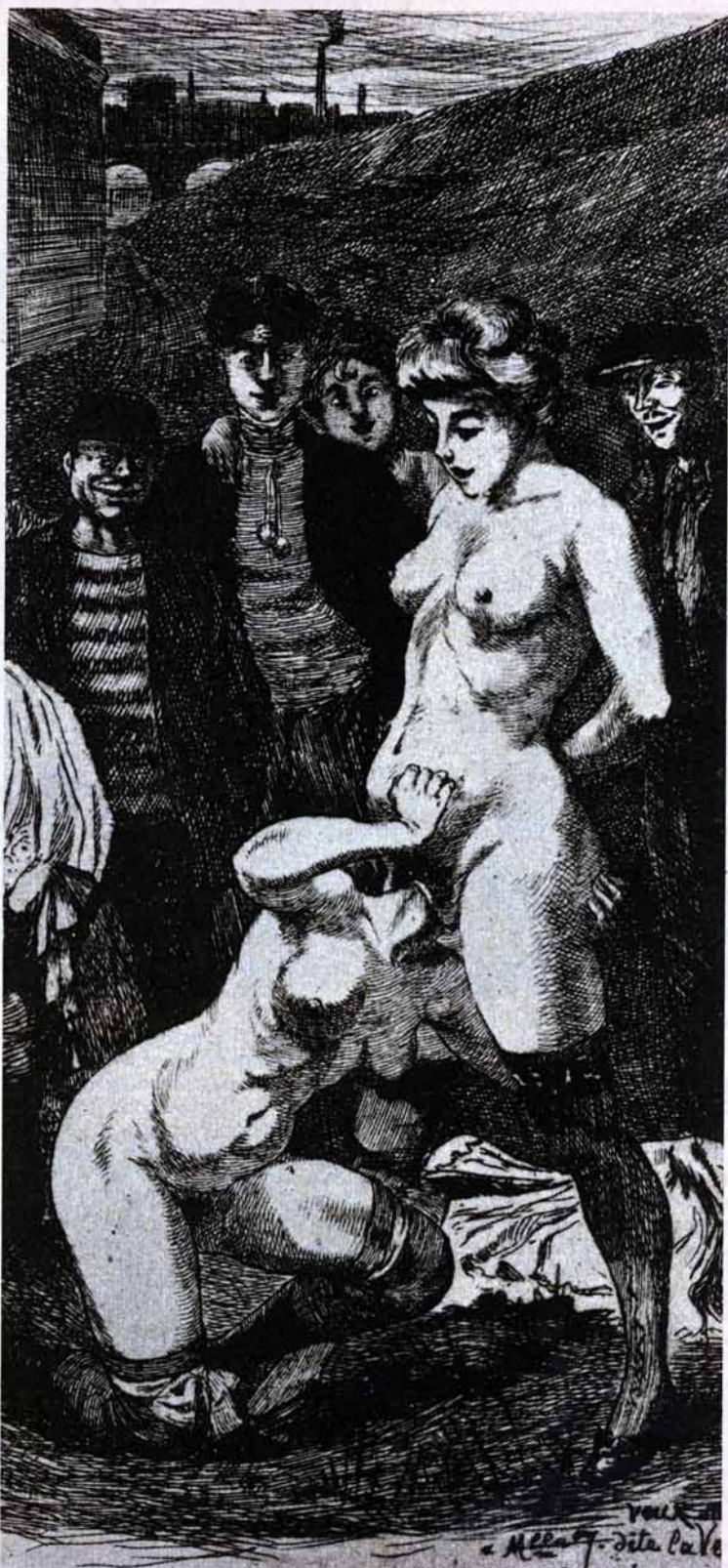
Turn-of-the-Century Twat, Fulsomely Illustrated

FLICK readers every now and then want to take a glimpse back into the world of our forefathers to see what turned them on way back then. Well, here it is, the real hot stuff from the turn of the century that made granddad hard! These drawings are taken from "The Satirical Drawings of Martin Van Maele" published by the Cythera Press, New York. The Belgian master made his reputation almost exclusively as an illustrator of erotic themes. Van Maele's finest and most erotic work appeared around 1907.



The first of this output was a suite of fifteen powerful plates to illustrate an edition of Paul Verlaine's erotic poetry. The plates, in which Verlaine appears as a character participating in various sexual fantasies, are wonderfully appealing. What is most striking about the suite is not only the realism and pathos of Van Maele's work but also the humor. At a time when the private erotic work of many of the world's great masters, living and dead, are being uncovered, published, studied and carefully collected, the Maele volume stands as a testament to the artist's genius!





Flick's Erotica From the Past



By Dick Leitsch

■ Senator John Hughes, a member of the New York Legislature, used to introduce the same bill at every session of that assembly. He proposed to create a state library of pornography which would collect one copy of every "dirty" book, magazine, film and play script. Naturally, Hughes said, he didn't approve of such "filth," but the library would provide a center where lawmakers, judges, prosecutors and police officers could go, study smut, learn how to recognize it and thus, how to fight it more effectively.

Hughes' proposal never got off the ground. The conservative legislators were horrified at the very idea of the state exposing pure-minded judges and virginal young policemen to pornography. The liberals laughed. Why should the taxpayers build Hughes a smut collection? they asked. If he liked the stuff so much, let him spend his own money and build his own collection.

In a way, it's a shame the Legislature never created Hughes' library. The Senator was only trying to do the right deed, but for the wrong reason. There should be libraries of erotica, but they should be, like any other research library, open to all scholars and, in fairness, to the general public. Pornographic material (especially the hard-core variety) is extremely valuable to historians, novelists, psychologists, social scientists, and all students of human behavior.

Libraries, museums and historical societies preserve material which tells us how our ancestors made war, what they ate, how they dressed, what their homes looked like, their political opinions and battles, what kinds of work they did and how they did it. The only aspect of human

Tavern scene from "French Blue" could easily have illustrated any number of episodes in pornographic writings of the last century.

life ignored by those institutions is the most important one: how our ancestors regarded love and sex, their ideals of love and beauty, and their attitudes toward the diverse forms of human sexuality.

There is only a handful of collections of erotica in the world. The most famous are in the British Museum, the Bibliotheque National in Paris, the New York Public Library, the University of Kansas and the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Unfortunately, even scholars have a difficult time gaining access to these collections, and the greatest collection of all, that in the Vatican Library, apparently is open only to the Pope and his highest-ranking Cardinals.

Of these institutions, only the Institute for Sex Research set out to deliberately collect pornographic material. The other libraries got their collections through

Pornography is invaluable to historians who wish to know what sex was like a hundred years ago.

accident and seem quite embarrassed about possessing them. Even though the librarians blush over their X-rated books, they know the monetary value of them and protect them well. Any library or private person with enough money to spend can buy a Shakespeare Folio or a Gutenberg Bible. Those books, while expensive, are not rare, but, as bibliographer Gresham Legman notes, "most erotic books of earlier centuries have disappeared almost completely, or are in the process of doing so." A single copy of Arentino's *Sonnets*, illustrated with the original pornographic woodcuts, is worth the price of a couple of Gutenberg Bibles. Nearly any pornographic book from the eighteenth or early nineteenth century is valuable, and some are worth as much as \$20,000 a copy. Even contemporary erotica quickly increases in value. We recently heard of a copy of Volume One, Number One of *Screw Magazine* changing hands for fifty dollars—which is not bad for a few sheets of newsprint which sold for fifty cents a few years ago!

Pornography has a short life span. The police raid the publishing offices, book shops and, occasionally, private collections the material. (For example, the magnificent erotic murals painted for the French royal palace by Francois Boucher were later sold to an American collector. The U.S. Customs office seized them as "obscene" and burned them! European collectors and dealers often refuse to send any of the classical erotica to America because of the well-known destructiveness of American Customs officers and cops. Europeans regard such people as the descendants of the English puritans who, in the 17th century, ran amok, destroying stained glass windows, ancient hymnals, priceless statues, paintings and other traces of "popery.")

Guilt, embarrassment and prudery also work to make pornography valuable. In his *Diary*, Samuel Pepys tells of buying what must have been a first edition of Milliot's *School For Girls*, a sex manual first published in 1655. He read it, he confessed, to expand his wisdom, but then burned it, lest to it his disgrace be found among his possessions after his death. Others discard erotica because it takes up too much room, because they're tired of it, or because something "hotter" comes along. Collectors die and, embarrassed widows and children burn papa's collection. You'll find a lot of things in those old trunks in the attic, but it's unlikely that you'll find Grandpa's smut collection there—though, if you do, you probably have a gold mine. In the late eighteenth-hundreds, an estimated 100,000 erotic books were published each year in America, but almost none have survived. Between 1930 and 1935, a



Prior to such sexologists as Masters and Johnson, we could only learn about sex from the past in pornographic writings and drawings.



Certain porno writers in Victorian times stole characters from Thackeray and then filled out their sex lives.



Popular writers such as Dickens were forced to censor their language and give "poor girls" more acceptable professions than prostitution.

hundred or more erotic titles were published here in editions of two thousand or more copies each. Only forty to fifty of those books are known to still exist, and many of them are duplicates. Each is now worth a considerable amount of money.

Besides its monetary worth, what value does erotica have? Contemporary pornography has two reasons for being: education and titillation. We all know our parents lie to us about sex or, at best, gloss over details and leave out things we want to know. We know that the teachers in our "hygiene" or sex education classes prettify and romanticize sex. We ask, like the Victorian author of *My Secret Life*, "Do all men act as I act, feel as I feel? Does every man kiss, coax, hint smuttily, then talk bawdily, snatch a feel, smell his fingers, assault and win, exactly as I have done?" In the country, kids see the animals making it, watch the stallion get an erection and mount the mare, observe the cycle of life at close range. In cities, girls look at pictures of cocks and marvel at the miracle of erection, while boys study "split beavers" and both sexes wonder what sex is really about. Pornography educates them.

The other primary function of pornography is to excite flagging libidos. The old, the jaded, the handicapped, people whose sex lives would be over were it not for erotica, get from it a spark to their banked fires.

To the fetishist, pornography provides an outlet for fantasies which cannot, without courage, audacity, opportunity and disregard for consequences, be experienced in real life. Take a woman who "gets off" on the idea of being raped. It's far safer for her to feed her fantasy with pornography than for her to hang about the streets in hope of meeting a real rapist.

To the scholar, pornographic material mirrors the times in which it was written. As David Foxon, the former Keeper of Printed Books for the British Museum observed, "Erotic writings may give some insight into how people regarded a side of life which, though of importance to their life, is little discussed in their literature." Steven Marcus, a Dickens scholar as well as the author of *The Other Victorians*, reports that *My Secret Life* which has often been damned as "utter filth," is extremely valuable because it tells us "what did not get into the Victorian novel, what was by common consent and convention left out or suppressed." In *Our Mutual Friend*, for instance, Dickens censors the language of sailors and makes no mention of prostitutes when writing about the waterfront. The narrator of *My Secret Life* describes his visit with a friend to the same places, "among sailors, whores and working men—in an at-

Flick's Erotica from the Past

mosphere thick with Tobacco smoke, sweat and gas. . . . At one time I had a whore on my knee, and my friend another. We asked the women to bet which of us had the biggest prick, and the girls felt us outside quite openly."

In *My Secret Life*, the author tells of talking with a pretty, young whore in the Strand one afternoon. The girl tells him how she works to support a younger brother and sister, whom she locks into their hovel without a fire (so they don't set fire to themselves) during the day, while she walks the streets. A similar girl, in poverty just as extreme, who also locks the younger children up without a fire, appears with a similar story in Dickens' *Bleak House*—but she hires out as a washerwoman to make money. No doubt poor girls did both during the Victorian era, but we'd never know it if we didn't have the erotic and pornographic writings of the period to tell both sides.

For centuries, the church, the state, and

the other guardians of middle-class morality have maintained an "official view" of sex as rigid as the party lines of political dictators. The smut-hunters and book-burners assume the role played by Goebbels during the Nazi regime: that of preaching the "big lie" and opposing those who say it is a lie. Sex, the prudes would have us believe, is only permissible in marriage, and then only for procreation—never for pleasure. Premarital sex, masturbation, adultery, incest, prostitution, homosexuality, and other non-monogamous, non-marital sexual activity does not exist, except occasionally, when it might be found among decadent aristocrats or sick, perverted, sinful members of the lower classes, most of whom are not fit for much anyway.

Pornography publicizes the opposite view: in erotic writings, sex is good, varied, and most of all, fun. Pornography defiantly challenges the big lie: the

greater the effort to repress sexuality, the greater is the outpouring of pornography. When the prudes clamped the lid on sexuality in the Victorian era, pornography became one of the great minor industries in England. As Steven Marcus wrote, "For every warning against masturbation issued by the official voice of the culture, another work of pornography was published; for every cautionary statement against the harmful effects of sexual excess issued by medical men, pornography represented copulation in excelsis, endless orgies, infinite daisy chains of inexhaustibility; for every assertion about the delicacy and frigidity of respectable women made by the official culture, pornography represented legions of maenads, universes of palpitating females; for every effort made by the official culture to minimize the importance of sexuality, pornography cried out—or whispered—that it was the only thing in the world of any importance at all."

Thus, pornography is valuable for the same reasons that the Pentagon Papers, the Watergate tapes or Solzhenitsyn's *The*



Police dragnets were as common then as they are now. Here a whore goes before a magistrate for sentencing.



Only pornographers wrote about the prostitution which flourished in Regency England. Here some whores divide the "wages of sin."

Pornography flourishes whenever and wherever "moral guardians" attempt to suppress the truth about human sexuality.

Gulag Archipelago are important: as counter propaganda to the big lies preached by the establishment.

Naturally, pornography is propaganda. The world of pornography is a fantasy world, where all men have huge pricks and all women are sexually insatiable, where men can screw all night without losing either the desire or the ability for one more roll in the hay, and where sex is all that matters in the whole world. Unreal? Of course, but no more unreal than the prude's fantasy world, where women have no sex drives at all, where masturbation causes acne and blindness, and where sex is no fun at all, but merely something people do out of a sense of duty and only to make babies.

H. Spencer Ashbee, the great Victorian collector of erotica (upon his death he left 15,299 pornographic books to the British Museum) noted the value of "dirty" books to historians. Our knowledge of ancient Greece and Rome would be very limited indeed, he observed, had not the smuttier poems of the satirists been handed down to us. The writings of deSade, Mirabeau and other nobles of the period immediately preceding the French Revolution detail the depravity of the nobles and their attitudes toward the lower classes and help us understand the origin of that

(Continued on page 56)

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Michael and Sally were
both strangers when they met that afternoon
but then the magic of
their coming together made them strangers no
more. They turned on!

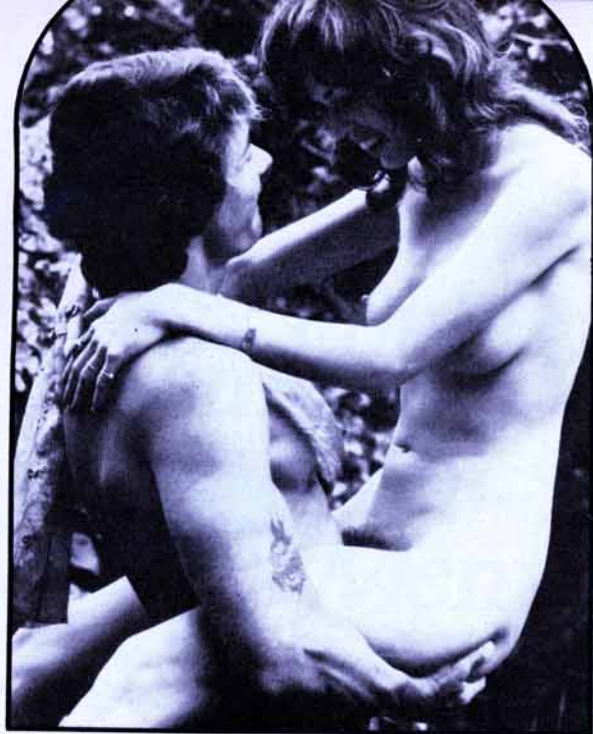
Who would have dreamed
two happy souls independently planning a day
in the country would
link up for a scintillating union of sexual
communication. Magic!

Strangers When They Mate









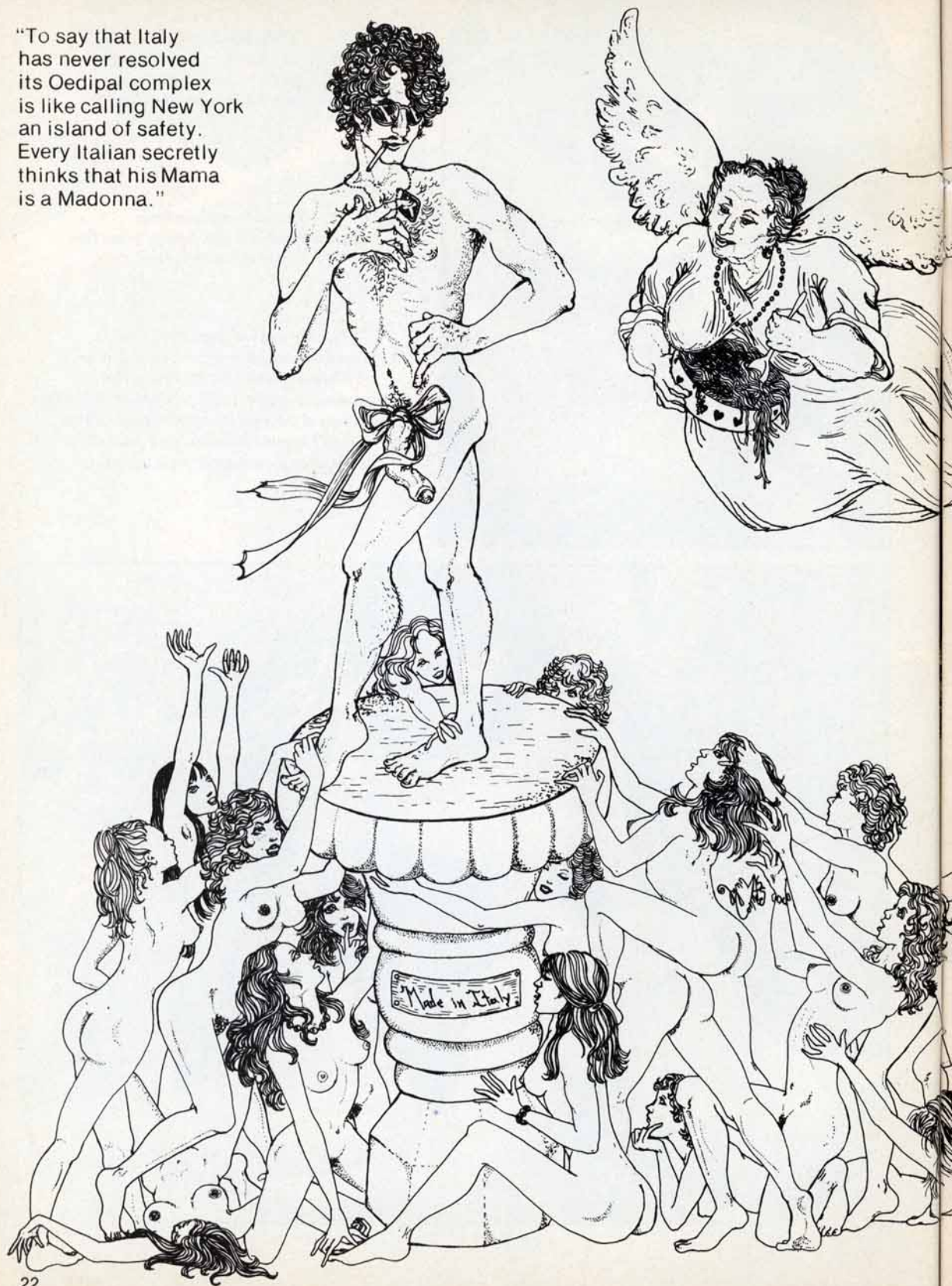
A fabulous fun feast
of hot emotions and overwhelming urgency
simply took over their
lives for that brief, wonderful encounter.

Michael's nerve endings
responded honestly and directly to her fine
ministrations. Ah, bliss!

Then the most of utmost satisfaction
lunged nearer and nearer for both of them.
Sally and Michael, hardly able to control
their passionate explosions of desire, ultimately share
the beauty of their sex communication with the
environment's organic wonders: alive, excited, proud,
and no longer strangers when they mate!



"To say that Italy has never resolved its Oedipal complex is like calling New York an island of safety. Every Italian secretly thinks that his Mama is a Madonna."



■ Italian men are the most beautiful, fashionable, sexy, athletic, lazy, narcissistic and totally desirable men in the world.

You may think I'm generalizing, but I know. I've been around the world several times and have been to Italy so many times on my job as a fashion buyer that I think I could go down on the Tower of Pisa. I'm thirty-two years

The Trouble with Italian Men

By FLORENCE WALTERS

old and can still turn heads in Rome or for that matter, Perugia, but I still remember my first trip to Italy when I was seventeen and in the company of my maiden aunt (who, technically, was hardly a maiden).

Aunt Ruth couldn't wait to get to Italy after several frozen weeks in London and even a few days in so-called "romantic" Paris. Frankly, I think the only romantic thing about Paris are the prices and you have to be incurably romantic to pay them. Anyway, we weren't in Italy more than ten minutes before I must have fallen in love at least ten times. First with the young porter who took our bags at the airport and said, "Scusi, Signorina," about eighteen times; then the customs officer (what an introduction to Rome; his smile could have dazzled Hannibal); then the cab driver—Rome has the only beautiful cab drivers in the world; the desk clerk; etc., etc., etc. My aunt Ruth told me to just watch myself. Roman men are notorious flirts and gigolos. I was soon to have to learn those hard-won lessons myself.

First, though, I think I should give you some background. Having been a sociology major in college, I always collect some background on all my interests. Italian men are no exception.

For instance, exactly what makes Italian men so gorgeous? Skin. It's creamy, tomatoey, warm, silky, sensual and occasionally hairy.

It's the kind of skin you want to let your hands, lips, breasts and toes run across.

Acne is not a major problem yet in Italy, possibly

because McDonald's has not been introduced. I think that constant diet of Italian sunlight and olive oil—the Italians use olive oil for everything from bread-sopping to fuck lubricant—has something to do with it. Also, Italian men are generally too vain to ever have bad skin. It just wouldn't be allowed. It might be considered a blemish on the national character.

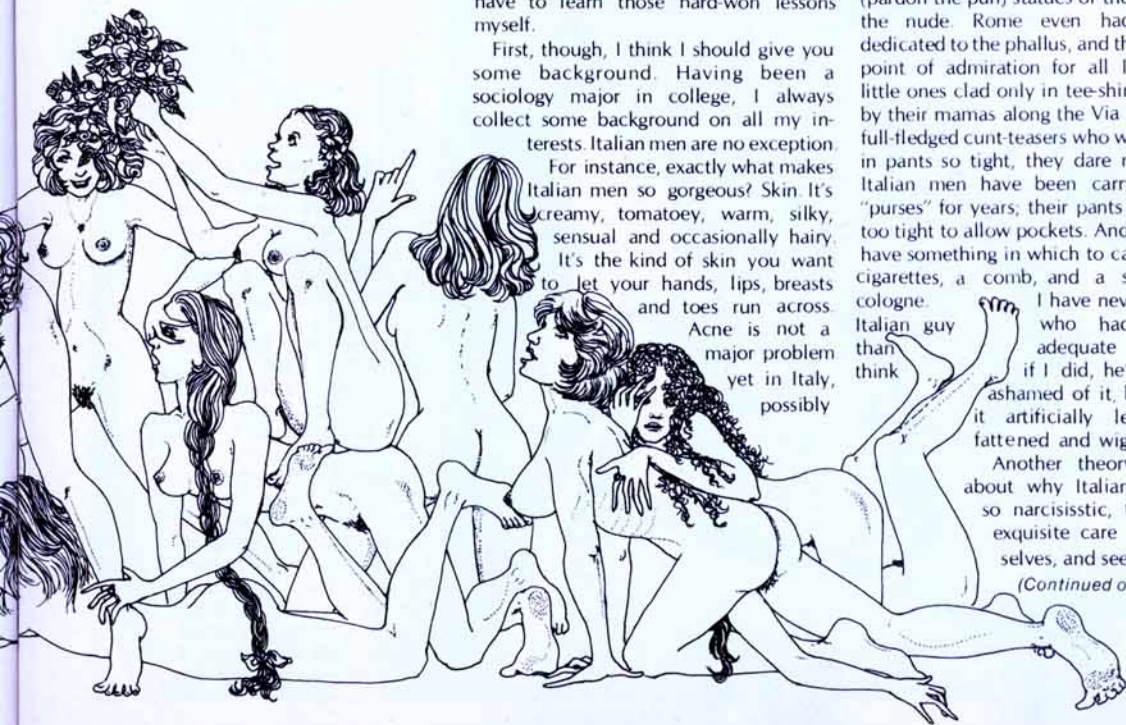
Second, of course, the Italians have captured the secret of having almost perfect bodies. They never work, only play. My first boyfriend, Guido Assenso, could hardly lift a fork by himself. He eventually got to the point where fucking in the afternoon after lunch was an imposition—Guido might be considered an extreme case, though—because it interfered with his nap. This did not prevent him from playing two hours of soccer a day. Everything becomes a game or a song, even fighting. Italian men love to fight—they scream, slap lightly, and then make up tenderly. They hardly ever punch hard. That might damage some of that fabulous skin.

The most perfect few inches (or in some cases, feet) of skin on the Italian male is between his legs. I don't know if cocks were invented in Italy, but they were certainly vastly improved there. Italians are legitimately famous for their cocks. No wonder they never circumsize. Who would want to lose even a few millimeters of that succulent horn of plenty? Mark Anthony was known for the size of his, and the Caesars were always erecting (pardon the pun) statues of themselves in the nude. Rome even had festivals dedicated to the phallus, and the cock is a point of admiration for all Italy—from little ones clad only in tee-shirts paraded by their mamas along the Via Veneto, to full-fledged cunt-teasers who walk around in pants so tight, they dare not exhale. Italian men have been carrying small "purses" for years; their pants are simply too tight to allow pockets. And they must have something in which to carry around cigarettes, a comb, and a splash of cologne.

I have never met an Italian guy who had a less adequate cock. I think if I did, he'd be so ashamed of it, he'd have it artificially lengthened, fattened and wigged.

Another theory I have about why Italian men are so narcissistic, take such exquisite care of themselves, and seem to lead

(Continued on page 57)



JOHN HOLMS--

Flick's Superstud Of Filmiland!

One of the best selling specialty items for couples in the racks of pornzine stores is **John Holmes #2** from Parliament. Guys get off on seeing the stud in soft-core poses with chicks. Girls get off on seeing the stud and his 12-inch cock.

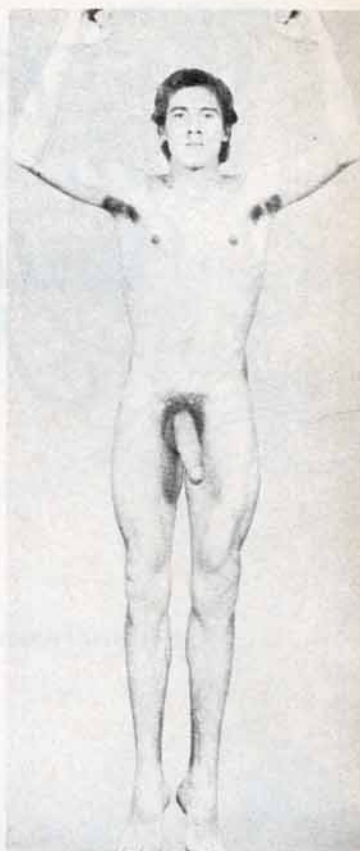
"I've done 2704 films, three fourths of them hard core," Holmes writes in "Letting it All Hang Out" (which includes photos of Johnny in younger days). "There was a period when for two solid years we were doing two loops a day, cranking them out six or seven days a week. But I don't just do acting in

films. I've written ninety porno scripts that have sold; produced maybe seventy films and directed over 150. Usually, if I get the lead in a film I've written, I'll do production or direction, so that I've got two or three credits in a film."

The photos show what he does best. "Dunked Dong" is a folio of photos depicting a sensual bath between John and three adoring dates. They rub his huge hanging hunk of meat across their faces, worshipfully soak and suds up his stick and eagerly open their mouths, ready to try and swallow it down.

An amusing pictorial

spread is "Prize Exhibition." A chick passing through an art gallery notices John's framed cock on the wall. At first she's shocked at the massive member. Then she's turned on. She caresses the cock and hikes her dress up. She strips down completely, and in the color close-ups she licks her lips as the cock hangs a foot out of the frame. She gets down on her knees while grasping the gargantuan cock of her dreams and bends over to shove it into her cunt. John comes out of hiding and she gets a chance to show further adulation. John comes



up behind her and slings his cock between her legs. There's so much there that his cock juts past her thighs to make it seem that she's growing an added appendage.

"Due to the fact that I've made a career out of exhibiting myself in sexually explicit films and magazines, I am often asked if I don't feel exploited, simply because I have a big cock. Well, I'd rather have a big cock than a four foot hand. Can you imagine being exploited for having a four foot hand when the rest of your body is normal? I'd much rather have a big cock. I

(Continued on page 29)





•POLUTEM.

VAL

UP

BIG, FUC
SCREENS





While Penelope (upper right) gets screwed on her way to Washington, the engineer at the electric plant gives a few volts to a waitress.





*It's my latest invention—you have to try it!
15" of Johnny Wadd is ready for some back-door work.*



*There, there my dear, it will get hard soon!
When the minute-men are away, the girls will play!*



JOHN HOLMS--

(Continued from page 24)

know where I'm at. I enjoy myself."

Holmes first started doing nude layouts at age 14, and made his first hard core movies at age 17. Now he has 12 agents (one for each inch?) in Paris, London, Tokyo, Miami and Chicago, and literally puts in a hard day's work. A fucking schedule of screws.

"A Cocky Performer" is how he bills himself in the final few pages of the book, devoted to solo poses as John bends, squats, stands, spreads and shows the dangle from every angle. But for guys who may be feeling a little strange about letting their bed-mates see Supercock Holmes, John gives a little straight talk on cocks both great and small: "People often ask me if men don't get inferiority complexes when they see me in films because of the size of my cock. I suppose

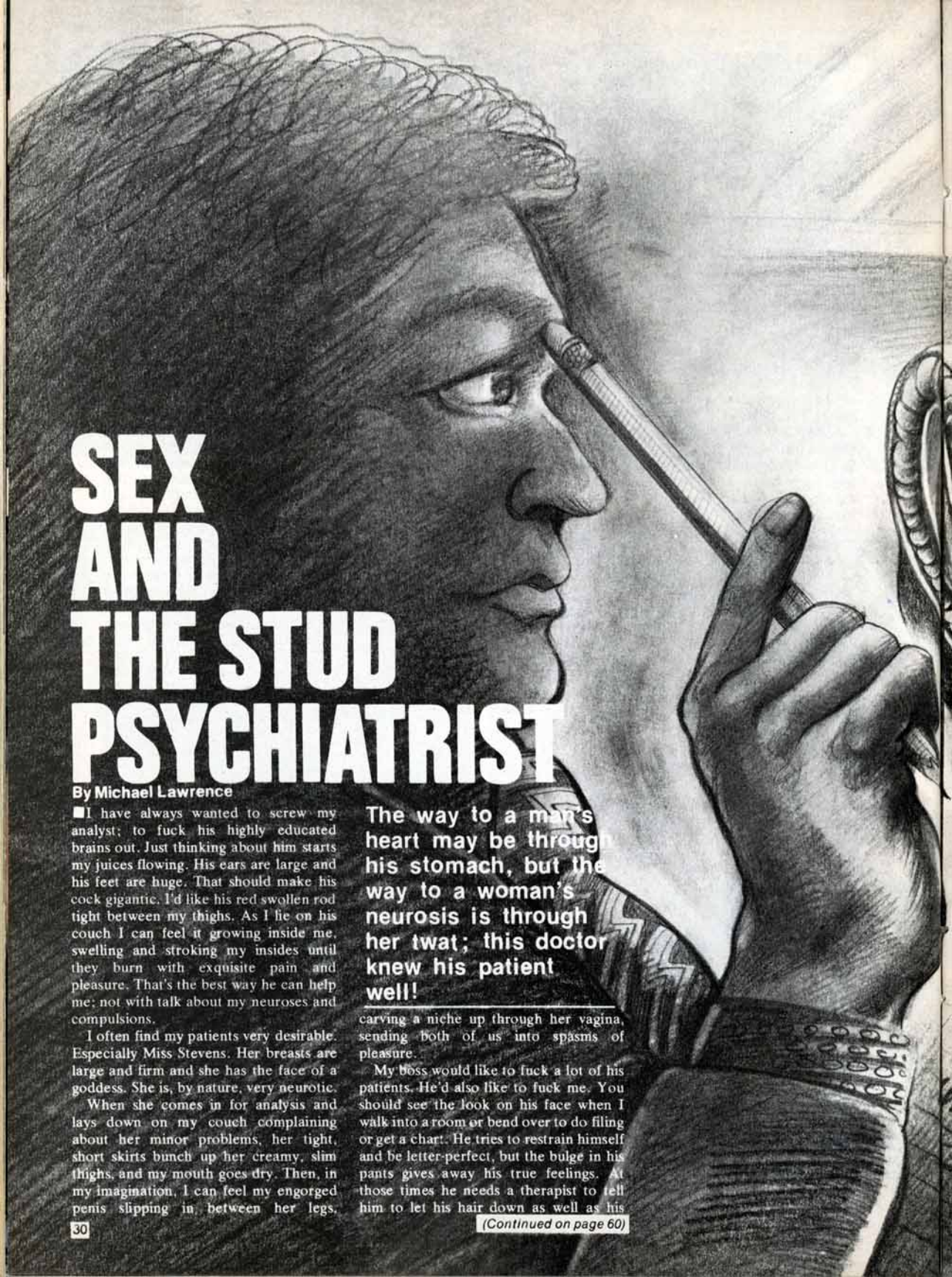


some do, especially if they're not sure of themselves sexually to begin with. But if you're sure of yourself in bed and you know you can please a woman, then you know it isn't size that matters. It's ability. It's how you move in bed. It's what you can do in bed."

Concludes Mr. Holmes, "If you've got a six inch cock and you get on a woman in one position, I don't care if you ride her for half an hour and she gets off two times, you're not a good lover. But if you can get into oral sex, and give head—good! I mean get off her a few times by just giving head and get her really worked up. And then hit four or five different positions and get her off some more—then you're a good lover."

The wit, wisdom and photos of John Holmes are all in **John Holmes #2**, a \$5 magazine available from the 250 Book Center, 250 West 42nd Street, New York 10036.





SEX AND THE STUD PSYCHIATRIST

By Michael Lawrence

■ I have always wanted to screw my analyst; to fuck his highly educated brains out. Just thinking about him starts my juices flowing. His ears are large and his feet are huge. That should make his cock gigantic. I'd like his red swollen rod tight between my thighs. As I lie on his couch I can feel it growing inside me, swelling and stroking my insides until they burn with exquisite pain and pleasure. That's the best way he can help me; not with talk about my neuroses and compulsions.

I often find my patients very desirable. Especially Miss Stevens. Her breasts are large and firm and she has the face of a goddess. She is, by nature, very neurotic.

When she comes in for analysis and lays down on my couch complaining about her minor problems, her tight, short skirts bunch up her creamy, slim thighs, and my mouth goes dry. Then, in my imagination, I can feel my engorged penis slipping in between her legs.

The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach, but the way to a woman's neurosis is through her twat; this doctor knew his patient well!

carving a niche up through her vagina, sending both of us into spasms of pleasure.

My boss would like to fuck a lot of his patients. He'd also like to fuck me. You should see the look on his face when I walk into a room or bend over to do filing or get a chart. He tries to restrain himself and be letter-perfect, but the bulge in his pants gives away his true feelings. At those times he needs a therapist to tell him to let his hair down as well as his

(Continued on page 60)

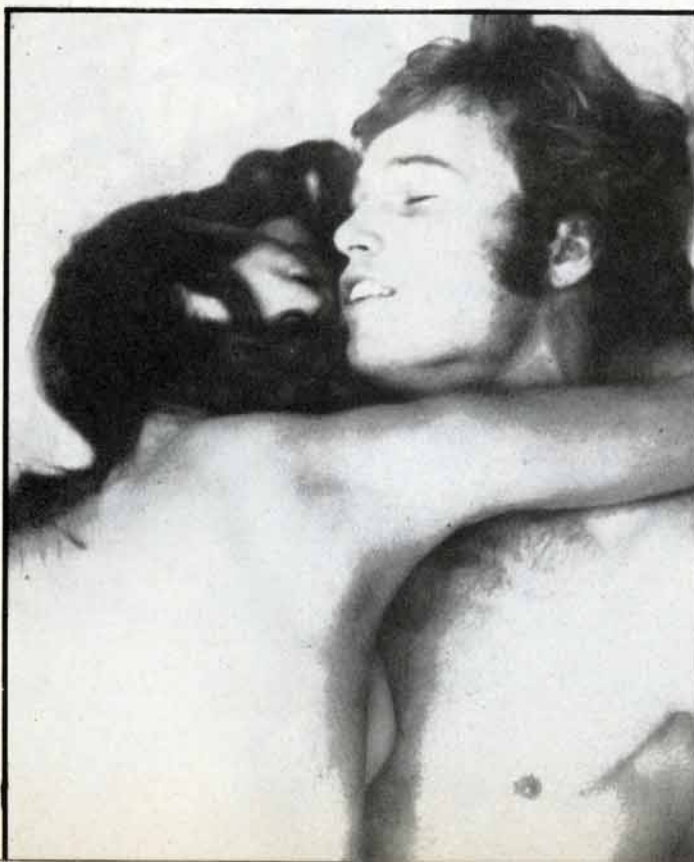


VISIT # 12
Patient shows
signs of
improvement!!

Sprecher
1976



BACK TO BASICS



Our woodland excursion
was more frenetic
than poetic.

The mosquitoes bit
(I almost shit)

Sally on her tit.

We were chased by a bear
(what a scare!)
and stung by bees
(Please!).

But Sally's a nature girl
and loves balling
in the open air.

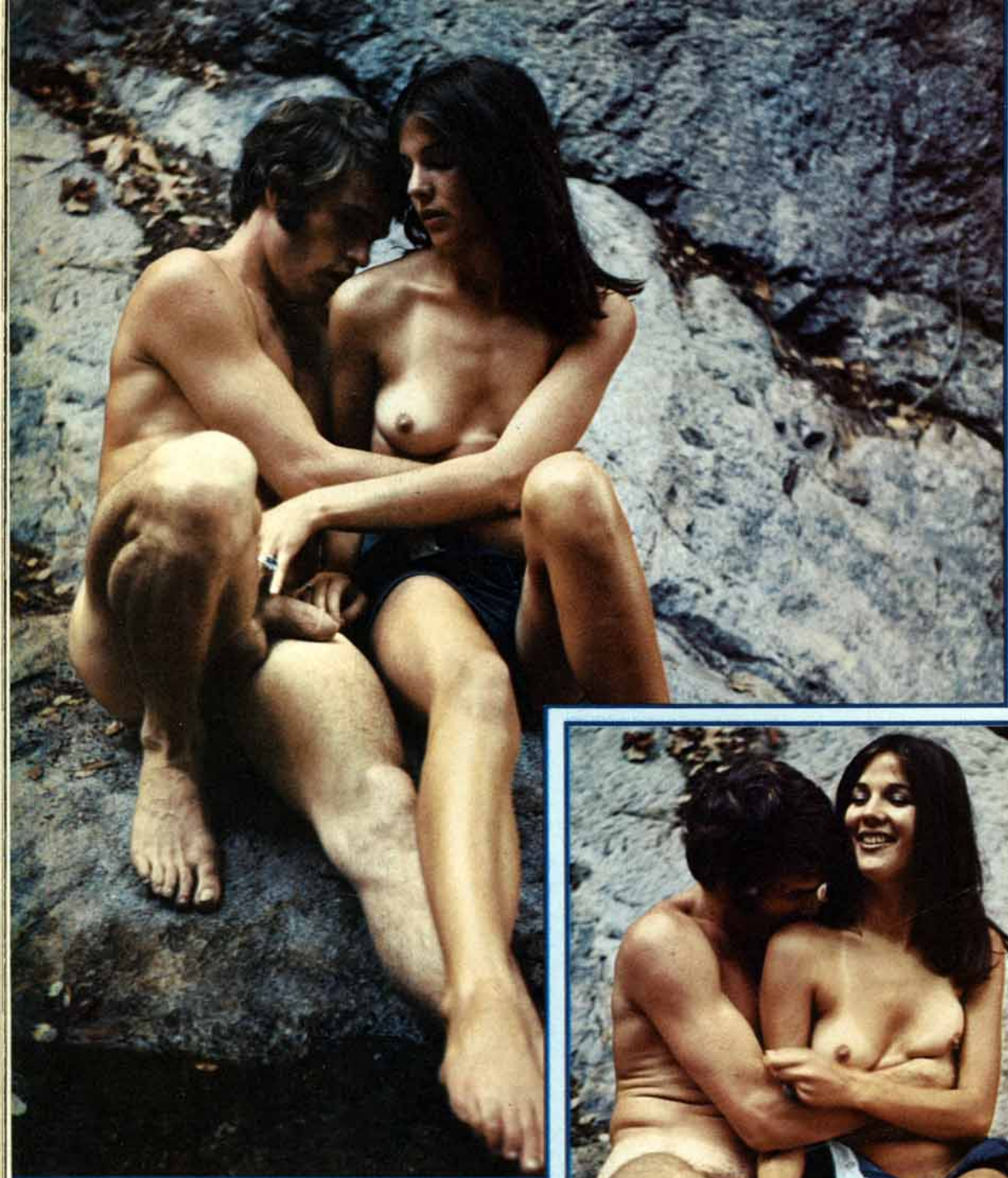
So she unzipped me
and stripped me
and later—licked me
from head to foot.

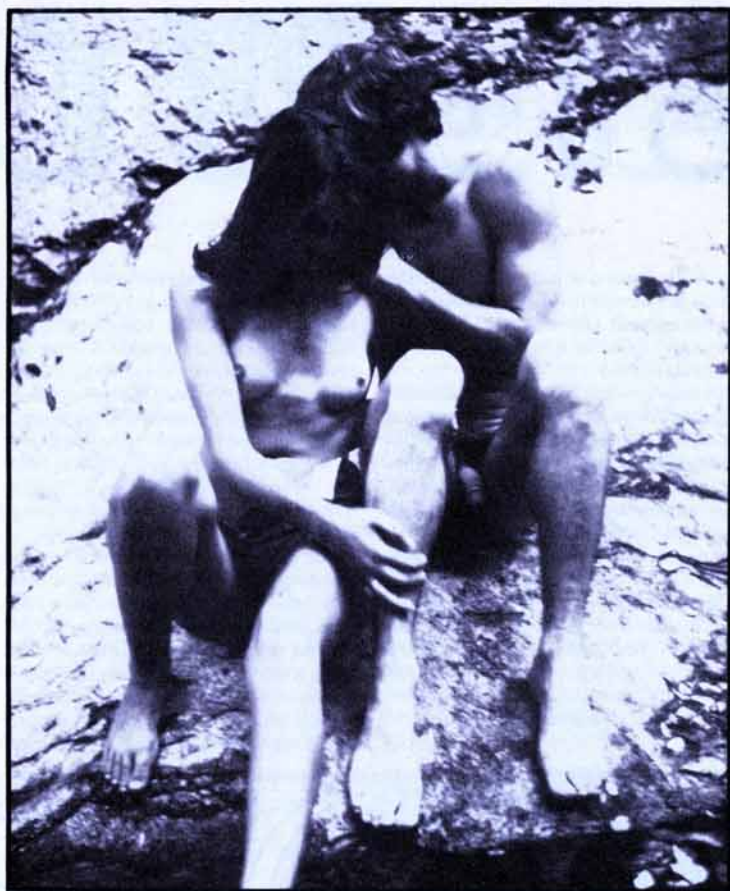
(She loves giving head,
but seldom in bed—
unless it's a bed
of rocks, of course.)











Though the setting
was romantic,
I was getting
rather frantic
from the antics
of a colony of ants.

I was beginning to see red
and wishing I were dead
or making love in bed.
But then—I'm city bred.
(Enough said).

—Pat Schaefer



A HISTORY OF

From a smouldering vamp to a flaming fellatrix, sex on film has always been with us.

By FRANK KOLAR

■ *Deep Throat* and its sundry sisters pulled out all stops in depicting eroticism on the screen. Box office bells rang merrily, and although legal hassles ensued, the battle for prurience pitched on.

It hardly mattered that movies of that genre seldom got reviewed, or were even slapped with an "X" by the rating board—producers or distributors gleefully tacked on their own manufactured "X" and let the curious queue up.

While today's candor is unprecedented, the ploys are old stuff to the exploiters of the sensationally sexy. The game was long geared for the gullible (and often

disgruntled)—and once in a rare while the producers almost delivered. It depended on the cultural climate of the time and the place. (And its history has been an inexorable one.)

Cinema's early fumbling attempts offered such gaucheries as the outrageous histrionics of the screen's first "vamp"—Theda Bara. But she was something new to movie audiences—exotic make-up, dark, smoldering eyes, long, waist-length black hair. (On occasion her nipples protruded prominently through her flimsy attire.)

She was the predatory female, and in the movie that launched her screen image—*A Fool There Was* (1915)—she uttered her deathless "Kiss me, my fool!" Her whole aura exuded lust, until she drove some poor, dimwitted male to his doom.

Although she made some 40 films from 1915 to 1918—such typical vehicles as *The She-Devil* and *The Vixen*—her vogue was brief. Sex was her total arsenal, but her posturing was so unreal that it posed no real threat to those in the darkened audience. Her roles were so unvaried that audiences soon began sniggering—her ersatz sex turned the guys off, not on. It was a career mercifully meteoric, as the moral climate (and acting styles) shifted into a new gear.

But in 1918 adultery was still a most titillating subject. And Cecil B. DeMille—later the impresario of multi-million dollar Biblical spectacles—easily recognized this. He made a series of flicks about modern morality that spent plenty of time in bedrooms and bathrooms, particularly the latter, giving the director ample opportunity to show the heroine in



P THE SINEMA

the bath, seemingly undraped, camera angles shrewdly deployed.

DeMille milked everything he could out of exploiting sex, even to the point of including milk baths. His first success in this area was 1918's *Old Wives For New*—a so-called exploration of adultery. There had been doubts about the story content by the financial backers, but DeMille was confident the public would go for it. In his autobiography, he wrote:

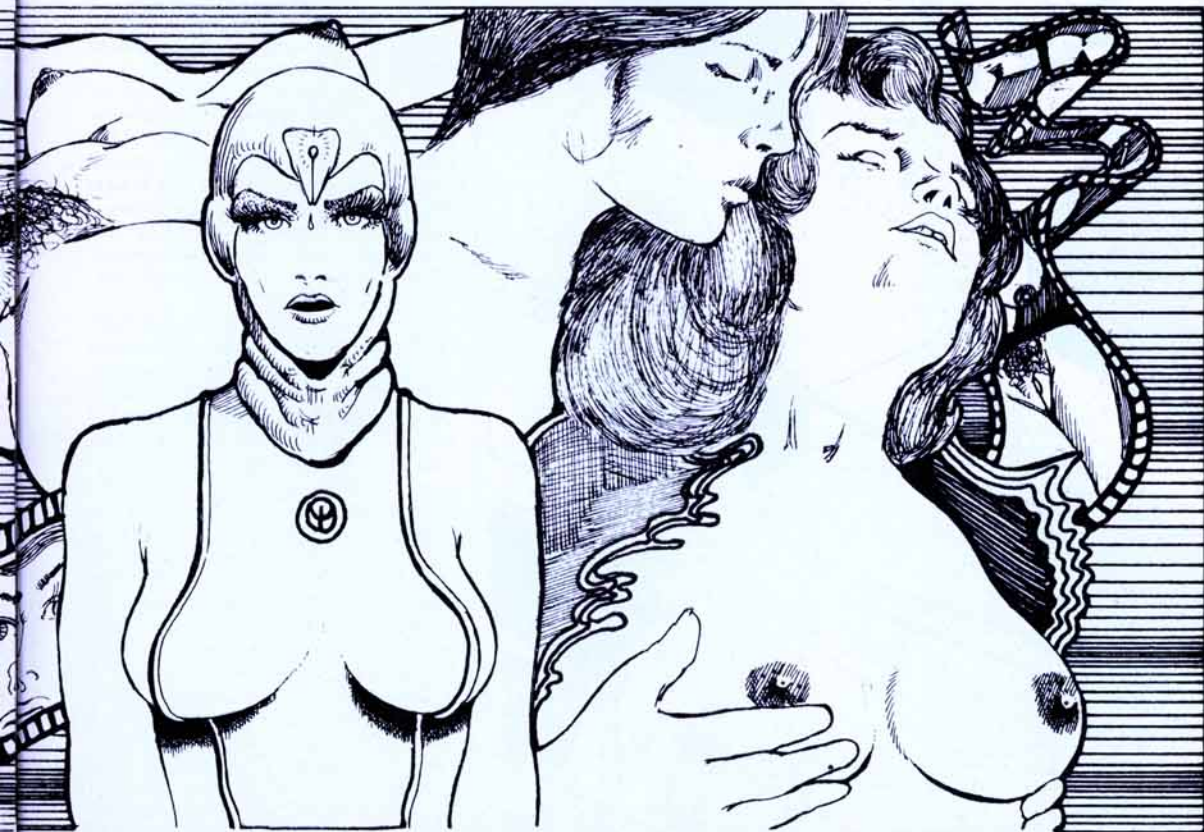
"I took a print of the picture to a theater in a small town near Los Angeles late one afternoon and asked the manager to put it on the screen, no announcement, no rental, either. I just wanted to see how it would play. It had not been playing long when people began to get up and go out to telephone their friends to hurry down to see it. Husbands particularly, I was told, telephoned wives to come

down, let supper go, but come down to see 'Old Wives For New.' When the screening was finished, there was so much new audience that the manager had to screen it again. He was still screening it well after midnight. When I reported that to New York, opposition crumbled."

The public, apparently, clamored for more, although there was plenty of blue-nosed griping about his subject matter. Undaunted, he filmed such entries as *Male and Female* (1919), *Forbidden Fruit* (1920), *Fool's Paradise* (1922), etc. The themes revolved around adultery, although the miscreant usually returned to the original mate at film's end. Wiser, perhaps, but not necessarily sadder. (Eventually, DeMille turned to the bible—there were plenty of sex angles there, and the belabored moralizing cloaked the orgies in quasi-respectability.)

DeMille had competition from that "decadent" Prussian and sometimes genius, Erich Von Stroheim (*The Man You Love To Hate*, as he was once billed). Later famous for directing *Greed*, he made *Blind Husbands* in 1918—an adulterous romp that was then considered shockingly realistic. Stroheim, of course, zeroed in on the discontented wife who sought sexual satisfaction elsewhere. And, sure enough, the torrid theme raised the shackles on the self-styled guardians of the nation's morals.

Then there were those desert epics of the 1920's, starring Rudolph Valentino, fiery-eyed and seething with passion. As a "sheik" he abducted some terrified broad and whisked her off to his tent. After the initial struggle, the girl surrendered completely, to the titillation of audiences. Unquestionably, Rudy had the



A HISTORY OF THE SINEMA

girls fantasizing up a wild storm in the darkness of the theatre.

Elinor Glyn was the novelist who coined the word, "It," and she created a sensation with her 1907 novel, *Three Weeks*. It was eventually adapted for the silver screen in 1924, and it told the story of a young queen who runs off to spend an idyllic and passion-filled three weeks with a commoner. The theatrics of sex reached ludicrous heights—they made love on a bed of roses, and later on tiger skins. Eventually satiated, she returns to the royal court, her fling having been flung.

But Glyn would continue to crank out sex fantasies, and Clara Bow became her heroine in the flaky flapper age—the "It" girl who danced all night in a series of films dealing with flaming youth. In the plots the partying went on until dawn, with some participants stripping down to

their modest underwear. All quite heady for the time.

If Clara Bow was innocently wild and delivered little, Greta Garbo was cold and aloof, but everybody knew it was a facade, and the right guy would soon batter down the barriers. The dissolving exterior would flame into uninhibited passion in such movies as *The Flesh and the Devil*, and John Gilbert often had the envious assignment of melting the iceberg.

Movies soon entered the sound era and the advent of the sex spoofers—and the blondes—Jean Harlow and Mae West. Harlow's suggestive demeanor and attire and West's hilariously blatant approach to sex thoroughly alarmed some vociferous types, and the movie censorship code was tightened. And Hollywood entered an era of timid suggestion, shackled by the code.

In the 1930's, though, Europe's cinematic vision was less impaired and more voyeuristic. In 1933 the Czech director, Gustav Machaty, made the Hedy Lamarr starrer, *Ecstasy*. For many years this film played the larger U.S. cities, riding the tide of its vaunted notoriety. There is the famous nude scene, of course, as she swims in a stream, after running nude through a woods. She is later seduced, and the camera records a series of close-ups of her face, as she is apparently experiencing orgasm.

Ecstasy was one of the very first "sex films," and was exploited as such as often as possible. But Hollywood could not dare dabble in these areas during the next few decades, so they learned how to adroitly skirt the issue, slyly suggesting, showing nothing. (Besides, their more traditional output was a most lucrative field anyhow.)

Still, there was a much less affluent element at work. The so-called "underground film" has been around for some time, and today there is an impressive library of these films. Mostly these were personal statements and were largely unheard of. But there was always a certain interest in them and a primary reason was sex—an implied element to the potential moviegoer.

In a book published in 1967, *An Introduction to the American Underground Film*, Sheldon Renan noted: "Much of the popularity of underground films is based on the expectation that they will include large dollops of sex. This expectation is sometimes rewarded. And sometimes it is not. There is more nudity in underground films than there is in commercial films. But there is less sex."

That observation, remember, was made in 1967 and Renan went on to point out that "in a commercial film, for example, the director will do a great deal of hinting. He will build to a suggestive incident, but will cut before anything happens. Or he will show a couple after they are supposed to have made love. He will dress women skimpily, but he will cut out anything like a nipple or pubic hair. Or he will show the heroine in her bath from the shoulders up. In an underground film, anybody taking a bath will probably be seen taking a bath. And couples may simply be having intercourse, naked in the center of the screen."

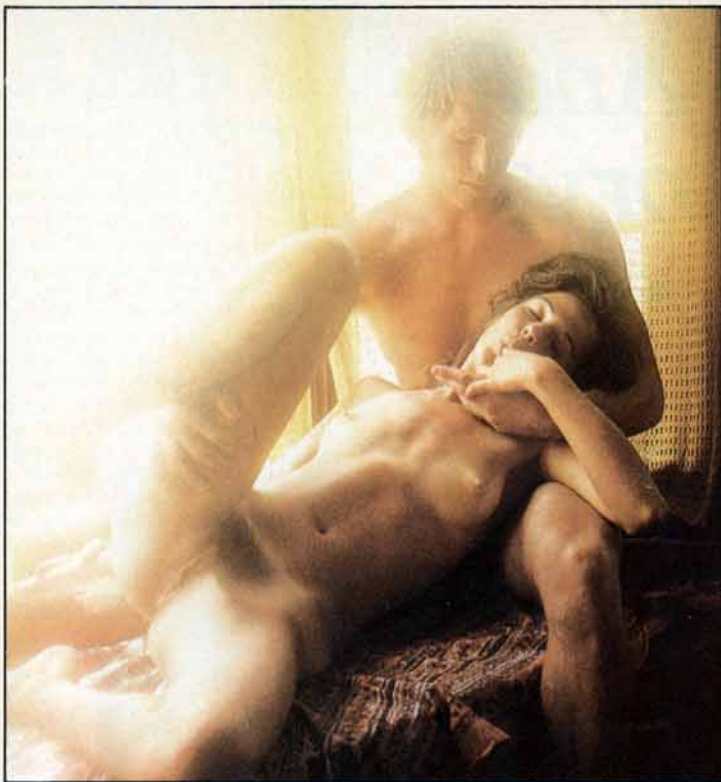
The preceding view illustrates how drastic the changes in commercial cinema have been within a short span of time. Underground films are, of course, still being made in profusion, but the commercial movie now reaches into the thoroughly explicit. (Continued on page 62)



A Cock And Bush Story

A cock and bull story, as you all know, is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing worth remembering. But this is a cock and (or should it be in)?bush story, and it's a piece of tail worth probing!





It all has to do with
 Alan's cock and Betty's bush and how they came from different
 parts of the world to
 get it happily together. Alan is an anal freak from Florida;
 Betty's bush is from Oregon.







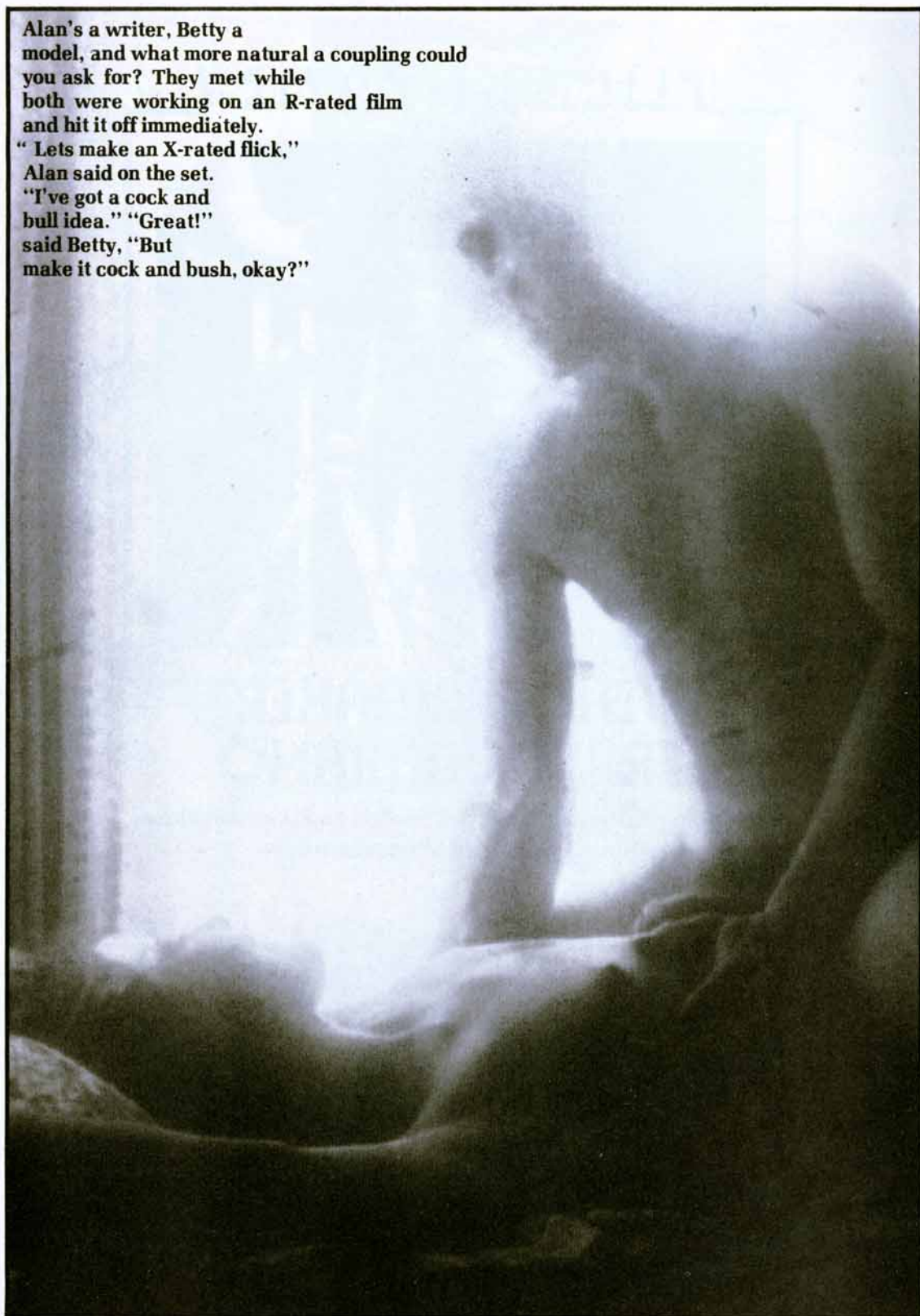
Alan's a writer, Betty a model, and what more natural a coupling could you ask for? They met while both were working on an R-rated film and hit it off immediately.

" Lets make an X-rated flick,"

Alan said on the set.

"I've got a cock and bull idea." "Great!"

said Betty, "But make it cock and bush, okay?"



FLICK INTERVIEW



WITH FILMMAKER GERARD DAMIANO

With leading ladies like Georgina Spelvin and Linda Lovelace, he put the word "adult" into adult films.

■ Gerard Damiano is the man who put the fear of the devil into Miss Jones and helped Miss Linda Lovelace to discover what a deep throat she had. With four major X-rated flicks to his credit so far, Gerard Damiano has helped to make explicit sex on the screen an accepted tradition for liberated adults (and for those adults who would like to be liberated but need a few lessons.)

Filmmaker Damiano could rightly be called the "King of Porn" and the following interview will give you some of the reasons why.

FLICK: What made you decide to make sex films?

DAMIANO: For me, it wasn't even a decision. There was no other road. Unless you're independently wealthy and you just don't mind going out and blowing money. You need two things. First of all, you need a backer who is willing to put up the money, and you need an audience who is willing to pay the money to see what you have done.

(Continued on page 65)

"You have to look for exhibitionistic tendencies in your actors and actresses."



"Why must anybody have to socially redeem sexually explicit material?"



"If I have a scene where I'm looking for anal balling, it's silly for me to use a girl or a guy who's not turned on by it."

"Women can fake sex, and if they're good actresses they can do a good job, but a man has to perform."

CARNAL CARNIVAL

LIGHTS! CAMERA! HARD-ON!

He took hold of Jeannie's firm buttocks and drilled his wand into her. The girl was already wet and her cunt foamed when she saw his magnificent joystick. Larry rammed it deep and she screamed as though it were coming out of her mouth. His balls slammed against her body as his shaft moved closer toward fulfillment.

By **MICHAEL HORNIAC**

■ Backstage at the Bijou, Maggie St. James, the most famous sex entrepreneur of the city was closely watching the reaction of the crowd to the recumbent hardon of Larry Simmons. It was tough to argue with twelve or thirteen inches of gorgeous male flesh.

She turned and said to Tom Davis, owner of the Bijou, "He might fit nicely into my show, Tom. Bring him to my party later."

Tom never argued with Maggie. Her money was too good and she was always looking for new entertainers for her sex carnival.

When the act was finished and Larry came backstage, Tom stopped him long enough to discuss Maggie and the party.

"This is your big chance, bimbo, don't blow it. The lady runs a class operation and I'm her farm system so everybody benefits from the deal. Here's her address. Show up around midnight.

He arrived at Maggie's ostentatious apartment on Sutton Place

slightly before the witching hour. A butler let him in and a maid brought him a glass of champagne. Then he stationed himself in a far corner and surveyed the beautiful people mingling in the large sunken living room.

Davis had described Maggie St. James but his word picture had not done her justice.

Maggie never seemed to age. She was always well coiffed, eyes exquisitely alluring, lips pouting and sensuously appealing. During her parties, she never wore anything save for a heart shaped necklace that magically accentuated her magnificent breasts forcing men to stare at her golden brown nipples that were always hardened with seeming desire. Her pussy, downy soft and blonde, was a perfectly shaped and neatly trimmed triangle. When questioned as to her nudity, her answer was businesslike and simple, "I always want to be ready to fuck anyone who interests me for possible additions to my show. My

body is the best auditioning spot in the country. It minimizes overhead and extraneous bullshit. They either do it or they don't."

Simmons found himself staring at her furry patch. He watched the small slit tense and pulsate as he watched unashamedly. When he finally managed to scan the rest of her voluptuous body and met her eyes, she beckoned him over.

"Would you like to touch my breasts?" she asked between sips of champagne.

"And lick them and suck them as well," he responded laughingly.

"Then do it," she suddenly demanded.

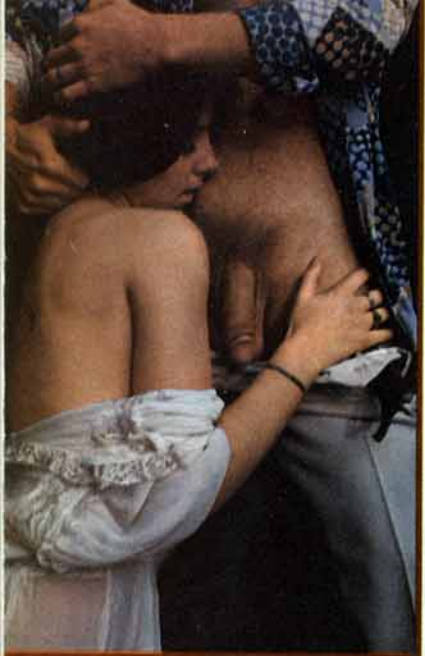
He looked around with mild chagrin. "Can we find a bedroom?"

"I said here. And now." It was a dare and an order. "Or don't you have the guts?"

Larry grabbed the bait, fondling her left boob while his tongue swirled playfully about the straining nipple of her right globe. His fingers traced a slow path down her belly towards her

(Continued on page 63)







■ The erect phallus is the symbol of rampant sexuality. In all tribes, in all races, the penis in erection has stood for the sexual instinct, whether in the giant penis-like totem poles used by some African tribes or in the unequivocal gesture made by the forearm which denotes attractiveness or sexual intercourse in our own society. As the most visible sign of sexual excitement, it was inevitable that the male erection should become invested with these meanings while the less obvious signs of female excitement should not. Thus, in almost all human societies, the symbol of fertility is that of the female body, while the symbol of the power of sex is the phallus. Worship of the phallus is almost universal too, and survives in our present society in the apparently innocuous maypole. When spring began to burgeon forth, our ancestors would dance around the gigantic representation of a male organ in erection to symbolize the coming-forth of life once more; the rising of the sap, the rebirth and continuity of life. The phallus gradually became formalized until it attained the form we are familiar with today in our May Day celebrations. Probably the young lassies clad in white who weave round it their colored ribbons would be very surprised and perturbed if they knew what it was they were really decorating.

But then, perhaps some of them would enjoy it all the more. Most women take great pleasure from the penis, but for some of them their enjoyment becomes something more akin to total obsession. From being an instrument of their pleasure, the penis becomes something else, something imbued with all the mystery and excitement of the sexual urge, of the coming together of man and woman.

Marianne is a woman of this kind. Her first experience of sexual intercourse took place at the age of fourteen, and since then she has been totally obsessed by the penis. Here, in her own words, is what this obsession means to her:

"I just think about men's pricks all the time. I just can't get them out of my mind. Whenever I meet a man I immediately start thinking about its shape and size, wondering about whether he is circumcized or not. When men sit down sometimes you can see the shape of it in their trousers, and this always excited me a terrific lot. I always have a strong

**Behold the women
who grovel at the base of the
proud and noble penis erectus,
for they shall be
known as "cock-eyed!"**

urge to touch when I see that, and I really have to restrain myself.

"Once I saw a man going round behind a wall to have a pee, and I crept round and crouched behind a bush so that I could have a good view as he got it out and held it. It was really lovely, I could see it clearly, and I got very excited. Afterwards he shook it to shake off the drops, and then started to tuck it back. I was by now so excited that I found myself getting up, stepping forwards, and saying to him in a

suggestive way that it was a shame for him to put it away. He saw immediately what was up, and didn't know quite how to take it first. I stepped right up to him, and then dropped to my knees. I just put my fingers inside his fly, which was still open. It felt all soft and warm, and I just slowly caressed it, revelling in the feel of it. He just stood there, probably not able to believe it.

"We hardly passed a word as I knelt there feeling his prick, but then there's not a lot you can say under circumstances like that, is there? I think he wondered whether I was a prostitute, and whether he'd be expected to pay for whatever I had in mind, but I reassured him on that score.

"He'd stayed soft for quite a long time, probably because he was nervous, but I took it out and held it between the palms of my hands, feeling that there was a bit of life throbbing in it. I stroked it and squeezed it, and finally I lifted to my lips. I took it into my mouth, enjoying the softness and smoothness of it. I began to lick and to apply a gentle suction, and I felt it swelling becoming thicker and longer, so that I had to widen my jaws and pull my head back.

"I could have carried on like that for hours if he hadn't come. Actually I wish it had lasted a bit longer, but within only a few minutes I suddenly felt my mouth filling with his cream. There was plenty of it, and I took it all, swallowing it with delight, enjoying the pulsing of his rigid shaft between my lips as he got rid of it all.

"Afterwards I stayed on my knees, mouthing at his prick for a while, and then kissing it goodbye before he zipped himself up again. We both felt a bit embarrassed, and we only exchanged a few words in a very halting way.

(Please turn page)

PHALLIC FANTASIES



I did discover his wife was waiting for him in the street, and it was nice to think that he would go and meet her, and she would have no idea at all that he had just been sucked off by another woman, and a total stranger to both!"

Not surprisingly, few people would expect such a strange sexual encounter to take place. But this particular woman is not alone in her obsession with the penis, and we discovered many women who would be prepared to suck the penis of a total stranger purely for the sexual thrill. For them the man is totally unimportant. It is the penis itself, anonymous, blind, responding only to the animal instincts of sex, rearing its head to spit out its sperm and then subsiding again until excited once more. This is what appeals to them. This is what differentiates women of this kind from the normal woman, who, while she might love to handle and caress her mate's penis, will appreciate it as the instrument of his attraction and desire for her, and not as a blind sexual force in its own right.

For the man having a sexual partner like this can be something of a bewildering experience. We spoke to one man, David —, who was married to a woman

of this kind. While her affection for him was beyond doubt, her interest in his procreative organs amounted to an obsession. He described to us what it was like living with a woman of this kind:

"Sometimes I think that all she thinks about is my prick. It's very nice sometimes, but on other occasions it does become something of a liability. I am a pretty sexy stud, but often I have trouble keeping up with her.

"When we got engaged she would not let me have intercourse with her; she said she wanted to be a virgin when she married. But when the pressures began to get a bit on top of us she started using her hand to relieve me, and this became a regular habit with us. She loved handling my prick and balls, and would really enjoy masturbating me. I used to suggest that she hold a handkerchief over the end of my prick to catch my sperm, but she always refused to do that. Either she'd want to see it spurting out, and she would do it energetically with her first, and when I came I would spatter myself with spunk, or else she would cup her hand at the end of my prick, and catch my ejaculation in this way, afterwards emptying it out into the sink.

"Eventually we did get married, and she went to the altar a virgin, as she had wanted. So once we were married, we started to have intercourse, but she never seemed to enjoy it in the same way as she enjoyed wanking me. In the end we had regular intercourse less and less, and now we don't do it much at all. It's not much fun when you know very well that she would be enjoying it much more if you just lay back and let her wank you.

"I sometimes get a bit fed up, because I often feel like a good fuck. I would look around for a girl who might want a bit of stray fucking, except that she wanks me off so often there's not enough left for anyone else.

"She's always doing it. I'll be sitting watching the telly when she'll suddenly slide between my legs and unzip me, wanking me off with great relish while I sit there in my chair. When she gets the urge to do it nothing would stop her. Out firm holds an annual conference after which they have a big dinner. Last year I was sitting at the table next to her and I suddenly felt her hand stealing across and feeling me up. I couldn't believe it as I felt her unzipping me and taking it out. She proceeded to wank me under the table, while I had to look as though nothing was happening. That was very difficult, especially when I came.

"Fortunately none of it went on my trousers, but I shuddered to think about what I left under the table and on the floor. She doesn't care though. She's done it to me in all kinds of places; in a taxi, several times in a cinema or theatre, in the street, and once at a friend's house when we were left alone for a few minutes.

"She loves handling my prick whenever she can. When I have to wash she loves to wash it for me, handling it and soaping with real pleasure. Once we were out in the country, and I had to go and have a piss, and the next thing I knew she was standing next to me. She reached over and just took it out of my grasp, holding it and directing my piss for me. This gave me an erection, and the next thing was that she wanked me as I stood there so that I left not only a puddle of piss but also a pool of spunk behind me. Now, whenever I go to the bathroom, the chances are she will want to come with me and hold it for me.

"It's very nice in some ways, having a woman gaining so much enjoyment from your cock, but at other times it gets a bit wearing. Sometimes I wonder whether it's me she loves or my prick, if you can understand that. What I mean is, sometimes I feel left out of things, although it sounds silly—it sometimes seems to all be taking place between her and my prick. But how can a man feel jealous of his own prick? Sometimes I wish I'd married

a woman who was more normal."

This is not an uncommon wish among men who have become involved with women of this type. Especially among those whose obsession reaches monstrous levels. For instance, many women will personalize their husband's penis, and this is perfectly normal. Indeed, many of the colloquial names for the penis are personal names, such as, 'Peter,' 'Willie,' 'John Thomas,' 'Little Old Man,' etc. But in the phallically obsessed woman, this process can become completely out of control. There is one case recorded where this happened with disastrous consequences. The wife concerned personalized her husband's penis to a remarkable extent. She christened it 'Peter,' and at night would uncover it and actually talk to it. Her husband would listen to these one-sided conversations in amazement, but was forced to accept his wife's peculiarity. She would sometimes decorate his organ by painting it with lipstick, and even fashioned a kind of knitted coat for it, which fitted neatly round the shaft, just leaving the tip free—so that it could breathe.

She enjoyed performing fellatio on her husband—or rather on his penis—and although he did not often experience full intercourse he gained great pleasure from his wife's oral attentions.

But one day he had difficulty in gaining an erection, and his wife that night lay in her accustomed position, with her head on his thigh, and chastised his penis for being unable to perform his duty. The next night the same thing happened, and the wife's chiding became more pronounced. The husband had been in the habit of taking no notice of these *tete-a-tetes* between his genital organ and his wife, and very often drifted off to sleep while they were going on. This was rather unfortunate, because on this particular occasion, the wife told his recalcitrant penis that she would be forced to punish it for not being prepared to do his work, and she proceeded to carry on the punishment then and there. This she did by taking her husband's cigarette lighter and applying the flame to the tip of the organ.

The husband's injuries were so severe that he had to be treated in the hospital, and the wife, too, ended up in the hospital—a mental institution, where she stayed for over a year!

But most cases of phallic worship are much less severe than this one. Generally, the woman's sexual obsession is manifested in a far less spectacular way, and the woman herself is usually far more in touch with reality than was this unfortunate wife.

We spoke to another girl who is obsessed by the male organ, but manages to

indulge her desires in a socially acceptable way. Twenty-two-year-old Leslie has a vast collection of pictures of the male organ which she has cut out of nudist magazines, medical books and even photographic publications; she claims to have over three thousand pictures of the male organ in all states of arousal and acquiescence. But her pleasures do not stop there, and she described them for us: "I remember that I first caught a glimpse of a man's cock when my father was ill in the hospital. I must have been about nine at the time. Mummy and I were visiting Dad and sitting by his bed. The man next to Dad had a visitor too, and he sat on the edge of the bed with his legs apart. Looking at him, I suddenly became aware that the hole in his pajama trousers was open, and inside I could see a large tube of flesh hanging down. I couldn't believe my eyes at first, and then as I realized what I was seeing I got all hot and excited. I don't think the man realized he was exposing himself, and I sat there for what must have been about half an hour just staring at his cock. By the end of that half hour I was just running wet, and so excited that I didn't know what to do with myself.

"After that, I began to think about cocks all the time, and started my collection of pictures. When I was fourteen I got a boyfriend to show me his, and I was absolutely entranced by the way it sprang up in full erection. I couldn't resist touching it, and as soon as I got a grip I felt it twitch in my hand, and some sticky white stuff came spurting out of the end. I was startled by this; when my boyfriend explained what it was I was even more delighted.

"Since then my interest became stronger. I lost my virginity when I was about eighteen, but although I enjoy sex, I must admit that I prefer to handle a man's cock and make him come that way.

"When I feel like it, I will just sidle up to a man, in a pub, say, and ask him if he feels like me giving him a wank. Most of them say 'yes.' Of course, I make sure he knows that that's all he'll get, and most men are prepared to accept that. Many men have told me that having a strange girl come up to them and offer to wank them, is tremendously exciting for them, and is the sort of thing they have fantasies about it, I like to do it to lots of different men, because their cocks are all different. There is a question of size, color, shape, and also the feel, which differs quite a lot. I don't know what it is about a man's cock that attracts me so much. Partly it is the tremendous alteration which comes over it when it becomes erect. There's no other part of the body which can change its shape like a man's cock. Then I find there is something mysterious

(Please turn page)

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about them—all the veins and wrinkles give it an—ancient—appearance. It's like a great, slow, blind snake, and you have the power to make it raise its head, and ultimately to spit out its venom.

"The thing about men's cocks is that they fit the hand so well. You've only got to look at an erect cock and it's just asking to be held.

"Another thing I like to do is cover my hands with butter, and then handle a man's cock so that it slides all slippery between my fingers. That really feels lovely. I like to pull it with alternate hands, my fingers sliding along the shaft, off the end and then back to the root again. Very often this will make a man come, and I love it when he spurts out over my hands.

"I don't think I would ever marry, because a man would expect to use my vagina, and I wouldn't like that. What I love is handling men's cocks and looking at them while they come. I shall carry on enjoying myself, asking men if I can do it to them.

"I suppose I've seen hundreds—if not thousands—of men's cocks. I wish I had started a little book, taking notes of each one I'd handled—measurements, color, skin texture and so on—but it's too late for that now. But the main thing is not classifying but enjoying it, and no one can say I don't do that! To me, a rigid cock is the most wonderful thing in the whole world, and if I can carry on with cock after cock passing through my fingers, then I shall be happy."

Many psychologists would claim that women of this kind are suffering from "penis envy." Sigmund Freud's notion that some women feel an acute sense of inferiority from not having visible, external genitals. They would claim that these women are "collecting" penises, trying to claim the organs as their own. Perhaps this is true in some cases, but we would dispute that this applies with all of them.

An anthropologist might say that these women are acting out of fear and mystery associated with the sexual impulses in man, personified by the erect male organ, and that what they were doing, in masturbating men, was trying to pacify a natural force that they felt was too strong for them. This, too, could be true.

But whatever the reason, their phallic worship presents an exaggeration of a normal response, and that is not healthy.

Many men who have experienced this kind of woman, as you have seen, are not happy about it. After all, it's nice being a god, but sometimes constant worship can become a little trying. Or, as in the case of the wife with the lighter—positively dangerous.

How Not To Make An Erotic Movie

(Continued from page 6)

was also the Writer and Director. My role was Production Manager, which meant assisting the director, setting up the scenes and what ever else was needed.

As I mentioned, the heat was stifling. The cast was already naked and in the bedroom going over the plot lines. The actual action would be shot in my large living room.

Mr. Lagios arrived and surprised us by bringing his ten year old son, Eric, along. Naturally, they didn't see our actors. John and Gary were pressed into service and I started to realize this film was not going to be a piece of cake when they lugged in cables, lights and all kinds of unfamiliar and unintelligible equipment.

The 16mm Arriflex camera was fine, but when Lagios began to set up 20 quartz lights, trouble began. Mr. Lagios had to locate the main source of power, go down to the cellar and do things with the fuse box. It seemed like hours passed until Mr. Lagios announced he was ready. There wasn't an ounce of sweat on the man!

"Where's the soundman?" he asked, professionally. Gary lifted up my cassette. Mr. Lagios delivered an angry lecture about sound, something called a "Nagra tape recorder" and other pointed comments. Suddenly, he froze in mid-speech!

Ellen and Lois strolled in, naked, of course. What probably didn't help was that Ellen walked in backwards, pulling Lois by her nipples! Mr. Lagios' son stopped drinking the soda we had given him. When Rip walked into the room, Susan preceded him; her hand was wrapped around his John Holmes cock, (at least, as far around as it could go), which was definitely ready for action! Mr. Lagios, finally broke out in a definite sweat. When his son saw Rip's horse-cock, he dropped the soda can to the floor in amazement.

While Tina mopped up the floor and Mr. Lagios was disassembling his equipment, John, Gary and I

pleaded with him to stay. Thirty minutes and an extra hundred dollars later, Mr. Lagios relented. But when he sent young Eric home, the kid rebelled. "You never lemme have any fun! Can't I touch the lady's tits?" Finally the kid ran out crying. "I'm gonna tell Ma on you!"

By the time another hour passed and we were finally ready to shoot our first scene, Mr. Lagios was the only one still dressed. It was just too hot, but when Lagios watched Gary, Tina, John and myself strip down, he flipped out again. "Fuck your money, fuck you, you filthy perverts, let me out of here!" We spent twenty more minutes and another hundred dollars before Mr. Lagios relented again. We were ready!

I yelled, "Roll! Sound!" When Gary pushed the cassette button, Mr. Lagios began cursing to himself. "Roll, Camera!" I paused, then added "Sticks!" John held up a slate, which was marked *Ob-scene 1, Take 1*. "Action!"

Susan was on the floor in the doggie position. Lois' hands slowly pulled apart Susan's fantastic ass cheeks and Rip slid his mammoth cock into her incredible brown cave! Ted was lying underneath Susan's breasts, using my Snoopy pillow as a headrest while he sucked her nipples. Ellen was on her knees, her mouth locked in an iron grip on Ted's prick while Ben was fucking Ellen's cunt from the rear! It was a lovely scene!

Every third word out of Mr. Lagios' mouth was "Jesus!" but he kept shooting. I looked at the script. Rip was to ejaculate his semen in Susie's rear, pullout his large, dripping cock for Lois to lick dry, while Ben and Ted forced Ellen's face into Susie's buttocks so she could lap up the semen dripping out!

I whispered to Mr. Lagios to zoom in for the cum shots! Mr. Lagios yelled out he'd have to stop filming to change the wide angle lens to the zoom lens. Rip suddenly shouted, "Shut up! I'm coming!" By the time I shouted "Cut!" it was too late! Rip spat out a vat of semen up Susie's ass and both Ted and Ben lost control and shot off as well.

Tina, our volunteer Make-up Lady, also lost control and ran over to the bodies and began lapping every bit of cum in sight. Mr. Lagios lost control, too, but in a different way. He collapsed in a chair and mumbled incoherently to himself. Ted,

however, picked up the camera and shot Tina licking everything up as well as the mumbling Mr. Lagios.

Fortunately, Ted knew how to load the magazine with film. We shut off those horrid quartz lights to regroup our thoughts and bodies. It seemed Tina had flipped out; she began putting make-up on Rip's cock and Ted began filming her.

Lois got angry. "What are you shooting her for? She's not supposed to be in the movie. C'mon, cocksucker, move away!" Lois pushed Tina away from Rip's cock, which was growing again and sunk her mouth over the monster organ. She pulled away and made a wry face. "God, she put talcum powder on Rip's prick!"

Ted turned the camera on Ellen and Ben. Ben was on his back, his prick semi-hard, as Ellen squatted down on his face very hard! Susie was about to harden up Ben's cock when some kind of big bug flew in the window and landed on her hand. Susie hates bugs and proved it by going into hysterics! "Cut!" I yelled.

An hour later we had moved Mr. Lagios into the kitchen, still muttering to himself. Ted had figured out the different lenses, but since he was the new cameraman, somebody had to take his place. Gary won the coin toss. "Action!"

Susie was on her stomach, her fabulous ass probing the air. Lois was forcing one of her size 40 tits into the immense buttock hole. Susie's hands were stretched out, each hand stuffed with a prick. Ellen was mouthing Rip's lifeless cock which, even lifeless, was larger than most normal erections. Rip didn't know whether he could come a third time. Ben got up and switched places, with Rip's cock going to Susan's hand. "Roll! Sound!"

John held up the cassette. "The batteries are dead."

"Fuck the batteries!" Ted yelled, "Let's do it!"

"Roll! Camera!" I paused. "Sticks!" Tina ran over and held up the slate, which read, "Fuck the movie, I want my money back!" Ted moved around with the camera as the cast went into action. Once the actual fucking and sucking commenced, we were on our way again. John said that since the cassette was dead, he was going to join in. He ran over to Susan and Lois and started shoving his cock up Susie's rear alongside Lois' tit.

Tina was off again; this time she sat on my lap and my cock, being only human, jetted up, scoring a bullseye into her pussy. Just as Ted got ready to shoot the guys' coming, all hell broke loose again!

A frightened alley cat, its tail a mile wide, leaped through the window! The cat was followed by a hulking, barking German police dog! Though the cat didn't claw anyone, it landed on the writhing bodies, took a moment to hiss at Rip's cock and then bounded out the window. The dumb dog, however, stayed. It wouldn't stop barking and I noticed that Ben and Gary seemed to be in pain.

It wasn't physical pain; they had both ejaculated just as the animals jumped through the window. There is no feeling comparable to the feeling one has when a climax is abruptly interrupted! In short, it's a horrible feeling, the worst example of "damned if you do and damned if you don't."

To add insult to injury, the stupid dog sniffed the cum and, before we could grab the beast, it ran over to Ellen, cocked it leg and peed on her tits! That not only unraveled Ellen, it killed the whole scene we wanted to do on water sports, the boys pissing on the girls, and vice versa.

An hour later, it was a large group of depressed people that agreed to try one more scene. The sticky humidity had already taken its toll and Rip and Ben said there was no more semen left in them. After six hours of being naked, plus all the interruptions, no one was able to get it on. Finally, Ted suggested we break for food and cold showers and meet again in two hours.

I must mention one other unrehearsed scene. When Mr. Lagios threatened to "expose you perverts" and have me evicted as a menace to society, we offered him more money. He looked like he was going to cry and then offered to pay us everything back if he could just take his equipment and leave. While Ted and I argued with him in the kitchen, Lois came up with a solution.

Poor Mr. Lagios had no strength left to resist or even to yell. The girls stood him up and stripped him clean. Ellen forced his head down to her breasts and shoved a taut nipple in his mouth. Susan kneeled and started sucking his prick. Lois took his behind; she spit saliva on her

fingers and then wormed them into an obviously tight hole. That scene turned out to be one of the movie's best.

When Susan's mouth got Mr. Lagios cock good and hard, she stood up so that Ellen could guide the thick dong into Susie's reliable ass opening. Mr. Lagios whimpered, "Please, don't," but nature took control. A blast of hot semen jumped out of his prick and splattered inside Susie's greddy anal canal. When Mr. Lagios watched Ellen and Lois lick up his semen from Susie's thighs and calves, he was no longer a threat. He yelled "I love all of you," and then went into a faint.

Anyway, to end our miserable venture at film producing, we had a clever daisy chain effects that's too complicated to detail here; suffice it to say, it spelled out the letters U.S.A. At the moment when the grand finale of simultaneous orgasms was to take place, you're right if you predicted the lights to blow! And not just our lights, but the lights in every damn apartment in my building! Semen landed everywhere except where it was supposed to land.

Our closing shot has ten naked bodies sitting dejectedly around candles. Thus ended our first—and last—attempt at making a horny erotic film.

PAST PORN

(Continued from page 16)

Revolution. The drawings of Beardsley, the collections of bawdy songs and the downright hard-core pornographic novels of the Victorian era prove that all of England was not as chaste, frigid and prudish as the Court and gentry would have us believe.

"No work or class of works which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world," wrote the great historian Lord Macaulay. His belief, he noted, was shared by the Church of England, which controlled the universities and assigned students to read the Greek comedies, "in which there are scarcely a hundred lines together without some passage of which Rochester (the great erotic poet of the 17th century) would have been ashamed." Furthermore, Macaulay continued, those bawdy plays, which tell

us so much about Classical Greece, are "illustrated with notes by reverend, very reverend and right reverend commentators." Annually the best young minds in England are "examined by bishops and doctors of divinity" on their knowledge of *Lysistrata* or Juvenal's *Sixth Satire* or other ancient pornographic writings. If ancient erotica is crucial to understand olden times, is our own pornography not worth preserving for future scholars?

Puritans would suppress pornography but, ironically, it was the Puritans in England and the Calvinists on the Continent who created the market for pornography. Bawdy songs, stories, jokes and limericks are as old as mankind and pre-date the churches and governments which try to suppress them. Churches and governments come and go, but sex is always with us—thank heaven! History shows no real effort to stamp out "smut" until the Reformation and Counter-Reformation spread puritanism across Europe and, later, America.

The invention of printing provided a cheap means of publishing material of all kinds, and sexually-oriented books were among the first printed, just as erotic photographs began to spread all over the world only a year after Louis Daguerre announced his discovery of photography in 1832. The Pope quickly began an Index of Prohibited Books, but not, as is commonly believed, to ban erotica. No book has ever been placed on the Index simply because it is obscene; a publication can only achieve that honor if it is anti-Catholic, anti-clerical, or preaches doctrinal heresy. It took the Puritans to make laws against sexually-oriented material.

The early novels were bawdy, but not pornographic. Richardson's *Pamela*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Smollett's *Roderick Random*, Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and Defoe's *Moll Flanders* are sexy enough that later generations called them "filth" (though, at the time of its publication, preachers recommended *Pamela* from pulpits because the heroine held on to her virginity despite numerous assaults on it). In all of those books, sex plays a prominent part, as it does in life. The novels were read aloud, in mixed company, and even Anglican clergymen and their wives praised them. The Puritan divines, however, were not amused. In 1692, they formed a Society for the Reformation of Manners to stamp out prostitution, fight drunkenness and sabbath-breaking and improve virtue by handing out religious tracts. Before long, they got into the business of censorship. By 1725 the Puritans had succeeded in making it a crime to publish an obscene book. The novelists, seeing that the law was being enforced strictly, did the

logical thing: they began writing books about life, but leaving out that very important part of life: sex. By the time the Victorians came along, the world was being given sweet, angelic heroines like Lucie Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and heroes like Sherlock Holmes, who seems to have had no sex life at all. To compound the absurdity, people such as Thomas Bowdler began going through Shakespeare and even the Bible to censor all the "dirty" passages. The reverend jackasses had succeeded in creating a non-erotic literature, but also spawned something new: a literature that was totally erotic.

In pornography, women are literally cunts and men are literally pricks. Style, language, and literary devices are irrelevant, as is character development and other literary conventions. The setting may be anywhere, any time, but the action soon centers in one place: the sack, which may be a bed, a field, or even a dungeon. The woman may be a nun, a whore, a virgin, a countess, or anything else; what is important is that she's a woman, and the reader will learn far more about her body than anything else. The man's job, background, social status, intelligence, education, and everything else is equally irrelevant. He is a prick with a body attached. All the things that are important to the non-erotic novel are unimportant in pornography, which exists solely to fill the gaps left by an un-erotic, anti-erotic above-ground literature.

Thus, pornography often tells the scholar how contemporaries interpreted the non-erotic writers of a period. Lord Byron's heroes, like the poet himself, overflowed with sexuality—but they were repressed, guilt-ridden, remorseful, brooding, doomed and filled with conflicts. Quite naturally, in 1828, an anonymous author published a pornographic novel called *The Lustful Turk*. The protagonist, "an Algerine Corsair" closely resembles Byron and his heroes, but he is not cursed with a conscience and suffers no hang-ups. The anonymous author liberated the Byronic hero from the prudery of the time. Similarly, the author of *Rosa Fielding, or A Victim of Lust* (1876) borrowed heavily from *Great Expectations*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Vanity Fair*, and other popular novels by Dickens and Thackeray. Stealing characters, places and situations, he sexes them up and seems to say, "Here's what Charlie Dickens and Billy Thackeray, the old prudes, ought to have written! Those characters, in those places and situations, would have fucked!"

It was the courts, pushed by the prudes, who created pornography by outlawing frankness in literature. Ironically, it is another court which issued the ruling which will very likely kill pornography.

The U.S. Supreme Court, when it decided that erotica is "legal" if it has redeeming social value, forced pornographers to expand their horizon beyond mere orgasm. Erotic books, films and stage shows have become more "literary." More effort is being put into plot and character. The books, films and plays have messages—other than purely sexual ones. They are striving for better writing and better camera work. At the same time, sex is taking its rightful place in establishment books, films, and plays. Pornography and art are moving closer together, and it appears that they are merging. The logical result will be the death of pornography and prudishness and a return to the days of Fielding and Richardson, when sex was treated as a natural thing, a part of life but not all of it.

This sexual revolution is probably the most important event of the twentieth century. Libraries, museums and historical societies are stockpiling materials on the assassinations of Dr. King and the Kennedys, on Vietnam,

Watergate and other political events. That's all very well, but political tragedies and crises come and go, and our lives go on pretty much the same. What has changed our lives and is reshaping the world in which we live is the sexual revolution. It is redefining the roles of men and women, changing our perceptions of homosexuals and other sexual minorities, affecting the ways in which we find and enjoy sexual intercourse, how we perceive sexuality and how we relate to other people. It is even having a major effect on that oldest and most basic unit of society: the family.

Those in charge of preserving the past and present for the future ought to be amassing collections of the pornography of the past and the erotica of today. Senator Hughes was partially right. The states should build libraries of pornography, but not so that politicians can jerk-off on the taxpayers' money, but so that future generations will be able to learn how we lived in the last half of the twentieth century and how we progressed from Puritanism to where we are now.

Italian Men

(Continued from page 23)

the life of the gander in a country where the geese have all the troubles, is Mama.

To say that Italy has never resolved its Oedipal complex is like calling New York an island of safety. Every Italian Mama knows that her bambino is a beauty. Not simply a good boy, but a "ragazzo bello." He is fretted about, doted on my grannies and aunts, paraded and primped, polished until he glows. And he secretly thinks that every Mama is a Madonna. (My second boyfriend told me that he was fourteen before he found out that his mother had not been a virgin when he was conceived.) Even referring to one's Mama in any compromising circumstance is grounds for war.

In Italy, the verb "amare"—to love—is used only in reference to love of Mama and to greater things—love of God, the Church, etc. The simple love between men and women (the hearts and flowers variety) is summed up in the expression "lo ti voglio bene"—"I like you very much."

Being taken home to Mama is the high point of any affair with an Italian. One of my boyfriends coached me for three

hours about this great event before it happened. Mama was going to make dinner and I was going to meet Mama. I was told how to dress—in white—how to greet her and what dishes to compliment. I should never compliment certain dishes that he thought his Mama made only "ordinarily" well. Since the kitchen is one of Mama's few creative outlets, conspicuous consumption at the dinner table is considered one of the first signs of manners. I was told to starve for several days before the event, subsisting only on fruit and water.

I did have an interesting situation with Guido, who lived with his mother. We carried on our affairs under his roof—he considered it improper that we should court and mate under my aunt's prying eyes. Perhaps he realized that my aunt had a roving eye for him as well, but that is another matter. So he managed to sneak me into his bedroom several nights while his mother was busy in various parts of the house, or in the kitchen. Since she spent so much time in her kitchen, it was not difficult keeping a good eye on her. All we had to do was smell. When the constant aroma of pasta and minestrone ceased, it was time to split. Finally, after several weeks, he introduced me to her. I had to pretend that I had never been in the house before, had to compliment everything in it in my faltering Italian, and wear white.

Guido, as my aunt warned me, was not above asking me for money. There were several reasons for this. First, because I'm an American. American women are supposed to feel complimented when

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young Italian men ask them for money. Second, because asking women for money is considered something young men should do to make pocket change, sort of like delivering the papers in the States.

Guido, however, was only nineteen and possessed one of those liquid satin bodies, tanned to amber, and of all things, blue eyes. So who was I to complain when he ran tragically short of cash every time some bill at a cafe came?

There were also numerous birthdays in his family and I was asked to contribute to these. I think during my first six-week stay in Italy, four cousins and two aunts of his had birthdays. I once suggested that we go shopping for a birthday present together, but he wouldn't hear of it. After all, I was on holiday and didn't need to spoil my life by shopping. He did have a certain point there. There were just too many other things that Guido was good at.

It was with Guido that I was first introduced to the joys of oral sex. Although it is not formally mentioned in history, "frenching" did not originate in France. Like so many other things, including the ballet, it must have been brought over to France by Maria de' Medici in the sixteenth century. Italian men make a big thing about ridiculing men who "eat it," but in private, pussy is considered one of the great after-dinner noshes.

There is also something about balling after one of those great Italian mid-day meals that puts the rest of the day in perfect perspective. The afternoon becomes restful, indolent and satisfying. Art-gallery going becomes a joy. There is none of that suspense about "will he or won't he?" which—following an evening date—occasionally crops up in America. Well, enough theory for a while. Now I think it is time to settle some of the basic questions people ask me about Italian men.

The first question is always why haven't I married an Italian since I think they are the greatest thing to happen to manhood since mustaches.

There are several answers to that question, the first being that I am not Italian and not Catholic. Being a WASP and from the Midwest, I don't know if I could live with that constant pitch of passion and indolence indigenous to the Italian male. Also, Italians, like their cars and typewriters, have a tendency to look very good, but hold up rather poorly. Never ask one to change a tire, a diaper, or a record. This makes the contemplation of a lifetime with an Italian lover difficult.

The second reason is the horrifying idea of marrying not only one Italian, but his Mama, papa, aunts, uncles, all the way up to third cousins. I think all of Rome must be somehow related.

Believe me, this can get sticky, since I think at least two-thirds of the family must okay the match or else it's no go. I don't know if this has been written into Italian law, but my experience with Carlo Picinni a few years ago verified it.

Word had spread around Rome that Carlo was seeing an American woman of "easy virtue." (Most American women are regarded to be of "easy virtue.") One Saturday night Carlo and I were about ready to get down to basics when his bell rang. It was already 11:20, but Carlo got very nervous, stuck his shirt back on and told me to hide in the closet. I thought this was a strange place to hide a woman, but agreed to it anyway. It was his Uncle Anthony, who just happened to be in the neighborhood. Uncle Anthony didn't even live on the same side of town as Carlo, but that made no difference. So Carlo answered the door, sat Uncle Anthony down in the living room and ran back to the bedroom where he said he had forgotten something.

"It's my nosey Uncle Anthony," Carlo explained while I hid my head in his shirts and ties. (The least he could have done was leave about some exciting articles of clothing—jock straps, bathing suits, maybe.) "I'll get rid of him as soon as possible."

I heard Uncle Anthony ask, "Tu solo?" (Are you alone?) Now I thought this was a funny question to ask a young man on a Saturday night, when you just happen to be in the neighborhood. Carlo insisted that he was alone and was just getting ready to nod off to sleep, so he could romp off early in the morning into the country. But Uncle Anthony, undaunted, decided to take a quick inspection tour of the apartment, just to see all the "improvements" his nephew had done to it. I was getting tired of standing under Carlo's suits and decided that if Uncle Anthony didn't leave in three minutes, he was going to get the greatest surprise since Caesar's on the Ides of March. Then Uncle Anthony finished looking through the kitchen, under the bed, and under the rug. Somehow he missed the closet.

They went back into the living room; I left the closet and sat down on the bed until the bell rang again. I shook my head a few times and waited to see who else could be in the neighborhood. It was Carlo's Aunt Mutezza, who weighed about three hundred pounds, wore rhinestone glasses and was totally winded from her trip up four flights in the elevator. (Carlo's building had an elevator, which is quite a luxury in Rome.) Aunt Mutezza was not really related to Uncle Anthony but came from some distant part of the family. Since Uncle Anthony was about to leave, Mutezza insisted that he stay while she sunk herself down into the first available chair,

repeating, "scusi, scusi, scusi," and panting.

Carlo offered her a drink while I managed to peak through the bedroom door at this scene. Mutezza insisted that she could only stay a moment and that her husband, Uncle Julio, was downstairs waiting. Carlo, however, being a true Italian and more loyal to his family than to a mere thing like privacy, said, "Why don't you invite him up for a moment?" That was all Mutezza had to hear. She ripped out of the place like a dog in heat and came back a few seconds later with Julio, a nervous man who underweighed her by at least two hundred pounds, and three kids who were running around looking through Carlo's refrigerator and under the rug for hidden rats.

I decided that I had had enough.

I came out of hiding in the bedroom, shocking the living shit out of Uncle Anthony and surprising the rest of the family as well.

"Who are you?" Aunt Mutezza asks.

"I just happen to be in the neighborhood," I said.

Uncle Anthony looked me over, smiled and said the Italian equivalent of "nice bazoozies" or something like that, and suddenly I became aware of several little hands feeling all over my body. "Get your hands off my tits!" I screamed, looked down and saw the kids walk away with their paws behind their backs. Italian kids will touch anything.

At this point Uncle Julio extracted a bottle of chianti from his coat, which I guess you carry about when you just happen to be in the neighborhood. He offered it all around; the kids ran down to the car and came back with a picnic basket. They pulled out several huge salamis. Then several neighbors came in, intrigued by the sounds of an obvious party. I felt like a mouse's erection after a dip in an ice flow.

I couldn't believe how long this impromptu get-together lasted. Aunt Mutezza wanted to call several other cousins—I think Tony, Alberto and Bistacco—who also lived in the neighborhood to get a good look at me. Carlo told her they were away for the weekend. I slunk down in a chair and put my head in hands and then noticed how Uncle Anthony was staring at me. I told him that if he didn't stop staring at my tits I was going to kiss him. He got angry and stormed off. Carlo actually became upset and tried to follow him. The kids were throwing salami and grapes. But Aunt Mutezza screamed at them and apologized to me. "It's past their bedtime," she explained.

"Well, why don't you put them to bed?" I suggested.

"Does Carlo have the room?" she asked.

I was starting to wonder if this party wasn't going to be like one of those classic all-night La Dolce Vita orgies, when finally everyone started to drift out. First the neighbors left, then finally Mutezza. Before pulling up stakes from her traveling circus, she darted forth a little warning to Carlo, saying that she just happened to be speaking with his Mama and Mama had asked her to keep an eye on her boy.

Carlo went sheep-white. After all the smoke had cleared out, I wasn't able to resuscitate a thing out of him for the rest of the night. He had several Felliniesque nightmares involving nuns in bikinis who went around using crucifixes for meat cleavers. I had to calm him down and assure him that Aunt Mutezza was not hiding under the bed. Frankly, we couldn't have hidden Aunt Mutezza under a hayloft.

Finally in the morning, after several good strong bouts of espresso, Carlo was able to get it up for the good of Italian manhood and the possible downfall of Mamahood.

I felt simply terrible about being the root of so much trouble in Carlo's family, so I gradually let him out of my life. He kept trying to insist that all of his family weren't crazy, that there were several doctors and lawyers in it. I couldn't believe a word he said after that first sample. However I don't believe Carlo was really upset over our splitting up. Italian men are notoriously able to transfer their affections from one signorina to the next. This doesn't mean they are shallow, only fickle.

Another reason for not marrying an Italian is that few of them will ask you. Virginity is still the big bugaboo in Italy. The old chestnuts are still pulled out of the fires about not buying a piece of used goods. The American idea—why buy a car before you've driven in it?—hasn't been imported yet. Perhaps it is just as well. I don't want to see too much more Americanization taking place in Italy. It might mean the advent of fast-food dishes and shoddy discount centers.

Since marriage in Italy is still very much a lifetime proposition, it is waged like a cross between cat-and-mouse and one of the Sinai wars. Most American women don't take these emotional wars seriously. They can simply go home and marry the boy next door. Unless of course, one has one's mind set on marrying an Italian, in which case, forewarned is forearmed.

However, for an Italian signorina, marriage is a top-stakes affair, rather like running the Kentucky Derby. After a certain age (the Derby is limited to three-year-olds, anyway) the belief that a woman is still a virgin becomes harder and harder. She'd better have plastic surgery on her hymen to pull it off and

don't think Italian doctors offer that yet.

One of my American friends, though, did make the serious mistake of falling in love with an Italian of an almost noble house. In Rome these are not in short supply. Everybody can at least trace their families back several generations before Columbus or Christ.

But Martha met the original Italian prince (almost like his New York cousin, the Jewish prince) and was even invited back to meet Mama within a week of meeting Marcello. She was studying at Columbia University's Rome branch and he was studying law and taking English there. They met in one of those incredibly romantic cafes where love is as inevitable as dust in the Colosseum. The terrible thing about men like Marcello is that they are brought up to be so unbelievably gracious to all women—and pretty ones in particular—that falling in love with them is simply too easy. Martha didn't stand a chance. I met her at La Scala two weeks later and she was ready to wire her parents about their new son-in-law. Luckily, Martha is Catholic. However, little did she know the ins and outs of the Italian marriage proposition. Marcello was in no way going to get hooked by the first pretty American student he met, or even the twelfth. He might talk of love until the cows came home, but marriage was a different thing. Marriage was something for Mama.

Marcello's first refrain was that his family would not even consider his marrying until he finished school. The idea of sending both kids through school—a rather worn American custom—is not an Italian custom. Neither does the Italian wife work her husband's way through school. Birth control, or the lack of it, does not permit it. Married students have a tendency to become married parents too quickly, although the rate of illegal abortions in Italy is staggering.

When Martha suggested that her parents could support her if his parents continued to support him, Marcello was stumped. He had no immediate intention of marrying poor Martha at all, being the fatally attractive prince he was. His intentions being far less than honorable, he had to think of another excuse quickly. So, being the son of an old and noble family, he told Martha he couldn't marry her until her understanding of the Italian language and culture improved to the point that his family would welcome her. Now Martha was confused. She thought that Marcello wanted to marry her, that he loved her. Unfortunately, love and marriage in Italy are only occasionally synonymous.

Luckily, though, I had been able to bend Martha's ear about such things. If she expected to get Marcello at the altar,

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she had better hold out to the bitter end before heading into the sack with him. Marcello proposed a whole series of Italian improvement lessons for her, which smacked of 1950's drive-in movies, going all the way, and dry-humping. He got impatient, raved, and swore that she didn't love him. He totally forgot his noble manners and even pulled his cock out a few times during several moonlit rides in his Porsche. Martha only whined and went into her classic demure-virgin act. In the meantime Martha did bone up on her Berlitz until she spoke Italian in her dreams and got to meet all several hundred of Marcello's relatives.

The terrible moral of this story is that Martha did not succeed in hooking Marcello. She is now happily married to a

WASP lawyer in Westchester County where the double standard is not so dearly enforced. I saw her a few months ago and asked her over cocktails if she missed her Roman lover. "Yes, I miss him," she said wearily, "but I really got tired of all those games. There were a lot of times in his Porsche when I wanted to just grab that fat little thing of his. I got tired of playing the Italian version of Doris Day. I don't know how those Italian women stand it. If you put out, they won't marry you, and if you don't put out, you get as bored as they do."

"Well," I said to Martha, smiling, "you just have to learn to play your own game and pick up all the prizes you can." I winked and I think she understood exactly what I meant. ○

SEX AND THE STUD PSYCHIATRIST

(Continued from page 31)

pants. Maybe if he'd get his rocks off more often he'd become humanized. But then, psychiatrists are into mind fucks anyway.

It's almost time for my doctor's appointment. Today I'm going to turn my shrink on or give it up as a lost cause. My shrink is making me more neurotic than my personal problems.

Let me see now, as I stand before my dressing mirror everything appears to be in its proper place. My tits are melon-shaped and firm, big, but not overly large, and my nipples are a succulent half-dollar size. They love to be kissed and fondled. But then all of me does.

I taper down to a slim waist. Some men can put their hands around it. I'm sure my shrink could if he tried.

Every man that I've slept with says that, despite everything else, the best part of me is my fuckable ass—ripe, firm and perfectly round. My pussy is wispy and neatly trimmed. It barely hides my juicy cunt and it's available to the right people.

Personally, I think my best assets are my legs. They are shapely, not too slim and long enough to wrap around any man so that he can get deeper into me.

But the art of being a woman is enticement. Men are turned on by clothes that tease and flatter, and today I'll choose the most provocative things I own to show off my assets. I want that man—today!

It will be interesting to see what seductive contrivances Miss Stevens will try to employ on me today. I have to admit my defenses are weakening.

To make matters even worse, my well endowed receptionist wore one of her clinging scooped sweaters today, and when she bent over her desk, most of her

beautiful thirty-eight-inch breasts spilled into view. She wore no bra, and I could see her nipples harden into points when she looked up and found me staring.

Her face is sexy, not pretty, and her lips are always invitingly moist. There are times, I have to admit, when I daydream about them sucking on my penis.

She would also like to go to bed with me. We both know it and we both know that I have avoided it. She made it quite clear that whenever I'm ready, she'll make herself available. As with Miss Stevens, my defenses are weakening.

Today the shrink will get shrunk. Figuratively, not literally. After all, what can you do with a limp cock?

His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw me today. Wait till he sees his patient, Ronni Stevens. Between us we're going to drain him dry. He'll have to come willingly or call the cops and no one would ever believe that two chicks who look the way we do would have to rape a man.

Let's see, I'll wear my leopard bikini panties. They hide hardly anything and the peek-a-boo slit in front really turns men on. I wasn't going to wear a bra, but the one that goes with the panties even turns me on. It has no front but offers a lot of support, making my breasts jut straight out and my luscious nipples available for overly anxious lovers.

I'll wear nylons today instead of pantyhose. Maybe if he sees a little flesh at the end of the rainbow he'll stop fighting his emotions and dive into my quiff.

Now for a dress. This pink chiffon pullover should do. Not too short and not too long, but does it ever cling to my curves. Not only that; when I rub my nipples, they show right through the material. If this outfit doesn't score I'll rape the jerk!

The intercom buzzed.

"Miss Weston, would you bring me Miss Stevens' chart."

"Yes, Doctor Jarvis."

My receptionist is more distracting than usual today. By the way her clothes are adhering to her body I would have to say that she is not wearing any undergarments except for pantyhose. She does have an exceptional bottom. Maybe I should take her to dinner and see what happens. No, that would be impossible. It would ruin our working relationship.

It's almost time for Miss Stevens to arrive. Then the fun will begin. I've made things easy; he can fuck me without even taking my clothes off. I don't really care what he does to her.

"Hello, Miss Stevens. How are you?"

"Fine, Doctor Jarvis, but don't you think that after all this time you could call me Ronni?"

"If you wish."

"I do."

When she sat down on the edge of the couch her dress slipped up her thighs revealing soft skin where the nylons ended.

"Aren't you going to lie down Ronni?"

"Not right now, Doctor Jarvis."

"You seem uptight. Is anything troubling you?"

"Yes, Doctor Jarvis. I want you to fuck me." She said it nonchalantly and just thinking about it made her nipples flower against the sensuous material "I have for months. I'd like to stop skirting the issue and just let us get into each other's pants."

Doctor Jarvis never had a chance to look shocked because Ronni wasn't wasting any more time. She unzipped her dress and lifted it over her head; the appearance of her unencumbered nipples brought an immediate response from his cock, and she further tantalized him by squeezing them with her forefingers.

"They are nice, aren't they, Doctor Jarvis, and you would like to touch them, wouldn't you?"

She got off the couch and sauntered saucily towards the doctor. The slit in her panties yawned invitingly and her buttocks bounced with calculating precision.

"Miss Stevens. Sit down!"

It was an order, but she was beyond the point of paying attention to anything he had to say. She was next to him, bending over and fumbling with his tie. Her breasts hung in front of his face ready to smother him with sweet tenderness while her musky odor drew him closer.

"Why don't you lick them, doctor?"

The good doctor was nervous and losing control. He used the only avenue still open to him; he buzzed his receptionist.

Linda Weston entered the room and found Doctor Jarvis trying to rebutton his shirt while Ronni worked feverishly on

the zipper to his pants.

"Miss Weston, I need some help," he panted.

In his chagrin, she locked the door and took off her blouse. Breasts filled the air. Jarvis felt insecure, his morning was going haywire.

Soon the two women were busily at work undressing him. He struggled, but they were determined, and within minutes he was naked. His swollen cock gave away his desires.

"Why don't you lie down on your couch and enjoy yourself, doctor," said Ronni. "We're going to give you a little therapy."

"Do I have a choice?"

"None at all, and besides, your cock has already made the choice for you."

They pushed him towards the couch and prodded him into a reclining position.

"What do you want first, Ronni, you're the patient?" said Linda. Her boobs bobbed as she talked.

"I think I'll go down on him. His prick looks pink and lovely . . . and very edible."

Ronni sat down on his legs, bent over and began licking the doctor's quivering dick. Her tongue swirled around the top and teased moisture from the tip. Then she began long, lollipop-style strokes up and down the length of his shaft.

Meanwhile, Linda was applying fervent French kisses to a suddenly impassioned physician.

As she mounted his chest, Jarvis' hands slipped under her skirt. His earlier guess had been right; she was wearing no panties. He rubbed her tight ass in a large circular sweeps and fingered her crack until she was moaning and shaking with pleasure.

The skirt was a wrap-around type which he unfastened easily, and as it fell away, he stared in fascination at her silky blonde twat. He pulled her closer to his face and licked the insides of her thighs before burying his face in her honey pot. She arched herself sexily so that his tongue could penetrate her confines and caress her rigid clitoris. The speed of his delightful work increased with the tempo at the shaft end.

Ronni was swallowing his giant prick in rapid up and down movements, making it pulse towards explosion. Just having it in her mouth was driving her towards a gigantic orgasm.

Linda screamed as Jarvis scored a direct hit on her libido, and seconds later Ronni made a fantastic sucking movement that made him pop his load.

Before he had time to recover, the girls had switched positions with a few minor variations. Ronni begged for her nipples to be suckled. Her cunt would get it later.

She wanted to build up slowly for maximum enjoyment. Linda was lowering her luscious pussy onto his still enlarged rod. Up and down and into her creamy interior it went, like a hot piston. When it fit snugly into her groove, she began moving in concert with her emotions. Her motions were violent, her groans very audible. She came within seconds, but kept him inside of her while he greedily nibbled on Ronni's glowing tits.

Jarvis' hands gripped handfuls of overflowing flesh and tasted with thorough enjoyment. He sucked her promontories until they seemed ready to burst from excitement. His head moved back and forth between her breasts so neither one would be shortchanged.

Amazingly enough, the girls were momentarily exhausted. Jarvis, however, had acquired a second life and was really getting into the swing of things.

He pushed Ronni away. "Off, both of you. We'll do it my way, one at a time."

Doctor Jarvis was into his own therapy.

When he got up from the couch he told Linda to lie down on the floor. Then he climbed on top of her and slid his massive hardon in between her oversized globes. As he began rubbing, she pushed them together to increase the friction.

Linda watched, hypnotized, as the head of his cock moved, first closer, then farther from her face. She could almost lick the tip with her tongue when it popped through the top of her cleavage.

His breathing increased, and he rubbed more furiously until he unloaded a gusher, handily covering her chest and neck with the white goo.

While Linda reveled in his creamy spurts, he got up and ordered his patient to lie down on the couch. This time she listened. She raised her legs and began to remove her panties, but he told her to leave them on. His giant tumescence plunged through the opening into her furry jungle until it was enveloped by her warm, wild cunt. Her twat swallowed him like a vacuum cleaner and she contracted her vaginal muscles for an extra tight treat.

Ronni clamped her long tapered legs about his back, and the good doctor sank deeper into her hole. She thought he was going to come out through her mouth as he pumped like a jackhammer into her willing cavern.

Her breathing was sporadic and she was lost in the blinding sensation of a total orgasm as his balls banged against her ass.

The climax produced relief for Jarvis and exquisite pain for the patient. She left him a memento as her fingernails raked the length of his back at the high point of her release. They fell away from each other, exhausted beyond belief.

Doctor Jarvis never cured Ronni's neuroses, but he did fully complement her sex life. It became his favorite appointment of the week, and even though he no longer wanted to charge her, Ronni paid. She said it was like going to a whoremaster that made it therapeutic.

As for his receptionist, lunch hour was devoted to eating, but the menu never included food.

SINEMA

(Continued from page 40)

But for a number of years there was a group of independent producers and distributors who mined the fringe areas of the movie business. They emerged in the 1930's and facetiously referred to themselves as the "forty thieves." Their product was pretty shabby by Hollywood production standards, but the subject matter allegedly probed those sociologically murky areas that the big studios avoided.

Not that they gave the patron much for his money. The ads were provocative, but the flicks were phony. For instance, *Crusade Against Rackets* (1937) had an ad promising "the naked truth about missing girls." Or a lobby poster would imply a moral message as it did for *Slaves of Bondage* (1938): "Shall modern youth be branded with a scarlet blot by various demons of lust and desire—or will social justice triumph?"

The titles were a con-man's come-on—*Child Bride*, *Sinful Souls*, *Victims of Passion*, *Escort Girl*, etc. And often the previews would contain scenes that never showed up in the release print, less the minions of the law crack down on the theaters.

These films usually played in the second-rate theatres that hovered around the downtown areas. These were often burlesque houses which had a live show, and an even duller film. And the parade of these flicks went on and on—they were simply re-edited and slightly updated as the years passed. Eventually, some made little or no sense, a crude hodge-podge usually accompanied by a squeaking soundtrack and other creakings of age.

Still, they hung around for many years, the only product of its type that was available from a tightly controlled industry. And their constant re-issuing—aided by the minuscule budgets that were lavished on them—undoubtedly turned a tidy profit over the long, long run.

Then there were the clinical rip-offs like 1944's *Mom and Dad*. This movie showed a childbirth scene—a subject so seemingly daring for its time that the showmen employed all their expertise in exploitation. In some towns they had two

showings—a matinee for women and an evening showing for men only. On occasion they even used the corny ploy of having a nurse on duty, for the faint-hearted. Gimmickry to the hilt.

By the 1950s another promising field was plowed—the nudist colony. *Garden of Eden* in 1954 implied that audiences were in for an erotic treat, but, of course, all they saw was the sunshine-and-health frolicking of nudes. Sure enough, though, there were censorship troubles in some cities, but this only added to the box office harvest.

Partial nudity was a minor breakthrough, and one enterprising observer soon made capital of it. In the 1960s Russ Meyer emerged as the "king of the nudies." It all began with the phenomenal success of his first such venture, 1959's *The Immoral Mr. Teas*.

The picture was shot on a shoestring, but technically it was first-rate, a craftsman's job of quality photography. The plot was preposterous, but it provided a light excuse for the goings-on. A fat messenger goes to a dentist and because of the side-effects of the anesthetic, he sees every girl in the nude. It was as simple as that—and the flick caught on slowly, but surely. (Meyer had only a few prints; and it took a long time to play off many theatres.)

But the movie was a watershed in the industry—the first of its kind to bother with plot at all, the first to skillfully sidestep the censors, and—most importantly—the first nudie to make a good deal of money. Naturally, Meyer was soon faced with plenty of competition.

One of them was Stan Manner who released a successful entry called *Surftide 77*. The plot involved a private detective who was searching for a girl who had become an heir to a fortune. Her identifying trait was a butterfly birthmark on her right tit, and this, of course, provided ample excuses for undressing. But it was all lightly done and mildly humorous.

These films—in Hollywood parlance—were referred to as "nudie-cuties." And Meyer once admitted that he had a weakness for big-busted broads. "I'm inclined towards the bosom," he said. "Call it momism or what you will. I can't really explain it. In my movies I've gone for caricatures of the female—outrageously developed women." But he added that he didn't care for total frontal nudity, explaining that "if you show it all, moviegoers will become bored with bodies and you're out of business."

But as the competition became more intense, Meyer decided to expand his horizons. He soon dabbled in sadism, masochism, lesbianism, homosexuality and what-not. To further spice up the proceedings he added heavy doses of murder and violence to the sex

shenanigans. And his films continued to chalk up impressive grosses.

The major studios also took due notice. But even though there were some early feelers out for his services, there was always someone in the upper echelons who thought Meyer didn't fit into their scheme—his image was not pure enough for the pseudo snow-white posturing of the industry establishment.

Meyer's 1969 movie, *Vixen*, dramatically changed that. In Chicago alone it was the top grossing flick of the year. And it was made on a tiny budget of \$72,000—the return on its investment was too much to be ignored.

Respectable 20th Century Fox took a flyer on Meyer's talents for ringing in box office winners on very modest budgets, and in 1970 he filmed *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. It also made money.

Meyer is quite attuned to his audience, and in a 1970 interview he said: "You take a film like *Sister George*. I'm not panning it. I liked it. But people sat through eighty minutes just too see five minutes of eroticism, some girl chewing on another girl's nipple. I don't play those games with an audience. In my films you know where you're at in fifteen seconds—the first fifteen seconds."

Meyer went on to make *The Seven Minutes* in 1971 for Fox, but by then the out-and-out porno flicks were becoming very hard-core, indeed. With the release of *Deep Throat* in 1972—and its sensational box office harvest—the competition began to wonder where in the hell to go next.

No longer was the audience overwhelmingly male. Couples were now frequently on the porno screen, and women—it appeared—were also getting turned on by it. Or, at least, they were engaging in a little primary research.

Sexually liberated audiences or not, the porno flicks had their detractors—and it had nothing to do with prudishness. The liberated female could still see that the arena of sex was plainly male-oriented. Linda Lovelace had, of course, become a porno star with *Deep Throat*, but her performance was met with disapproval in some quarters. In her book, *Popcorn Venus*, Margaret Rosen flung a few brickbats at the movie's premise:

"But the prime convenience of *Deep Throat*, of course, is that the movie's gimmick—the fact that Miss Lovelace's clitoris is located in her throat—creates an ultimate fantasy which neatly does away with the female genitalia. Her vagina is desensitized, unimportant; the only juices of hers that flow are saliva. Fellatio can now satisfy both her partner, and by some lazy, generous masculine imagination of relocation, her, too!"

You can't please everyone.

But at least the plots are getting bet-

ter—and even a degree of quality is creeping in. The erstwhile "forty thieves" couldn't compete in today's market. For instance, Paul Morrissey, a graduate of the underground and Andy Warhol's chief collaborator, turned out *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* in 1974. Grotesque, perhaps, and about as X-rated as you can get, but it may even have been porno with a diabolical purpose. (What purpose we'll leave to the savants.)

As history marks time, the movies are an infant art form. Sex, of course, has always been around. Although it took a while for the cinema to explore these areas with more than a passing snigger, it was inevitable.

No doubt sex is still being exploited—and will continue to be. But today a patron might even get what he paid for. If you don't mind the stiff price. ○

CARNAL CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 48)

independence that made her uneasy because she could sense the growing admiration for him from the other Carnival members.

During the second month of his employment his awe inspiring cock worked overtime filling cunts and mouths in a variety of new sexual exhibitions. In no time he had become the biggest draw in the Carnival. The girls begged to work with him because their pay increased with audience size and Larry was always accommodating. There was a subtle undercurrent taking place at the Carnival and Maggie knew the only way to stop it was to get rid of Larry. She also knew that such an action would cause open rebellion and temporarily, at least, close the show. So she did nothing.

During the course of the second month he took another bold step and began the cultivation of Maggie's unattractive bookkeeper and secretary, Jan, by sucking her.

Inwardly, he loathed coupling with her. Her naked body matched her face as well as her limited sexual abilities. When he felt the time was ripe he began demanding payment for the use of his cock. Jan was hooked. She told him Maggie would kill her but Larry's throbbing hard-on made her forget her fear and soon she was filtering the entire lexicon of the Carnival into his anxiously awaiting hands.

As far as Larry was concerned, Maggie had divorced herself from logic. He had become an obsession with her and his activities with her homely secretary were driving her into total masturbation.

She wanted to confront him but realized that would effectively neutralize

her position. So she held back and by the time she realized what he was really up to it was too late.

But Maggie was a fighter and she was not about to give up without a battle. She informed the Carnival that there was going to be a special performance and then called a press conference to announce the particulars.

For the first time ever, she informed the awaiting media she would be a performer in the wildest sex extravaganza ever done on stage. For this she demanded and received a close-circuit movie theater contract that would fill every theater seat in the country. The price of admission was exorbitant. The customers, of course, were willing.

As Larry continued his relentless collection of information, neither he nor Jan were aware that Maggie suspected anything.

The night of the show was a glamorous, gala affair. The live audience was a show in itself. There were to be no preliminaries tonight—only "The Show of Shows."

Maggie had selected her six most delectable girls and her highest money making stud for this special. When the show opened, Larry was strapped down naked to a bed.

The performance had been entitled, "The Rape of the Virgin." In all his naked glory, Larry lay below the spotlights on a king-sized bed with his rigid organ pointing straight at the ceiling. His cock worked separately from his mind which was, even now, envisioning his soon-to-be empire.

The drums rolled. The music careened wildly about the stark tabloid and then the girls entered, each doing an exotic strip around the bed.

Out came Tanya, the fine redhead with the quivering lips. Billed as the best blowjob in the world, she disrobed and unveiled pussy hair to match her red mane. She sat down beside Larry and held his shaft with one hand while swirling her tongue about the head of his penis. As usual, she got the desired reaction as goosebumps broke out on his body.

When Paula came in Larry smiled. She was called the Incredible Screwing Machine. Sometimes she would fuck for eight hours straight with as many men as possible to keep her coming.

She was followed close behind by Cynthia, the black chick, who could do more tricks with her tits than most broads can do with their twats.

Finally, the twins appeared. They always worked together. One sucked while the other delivered her tender honey pot to ministrations of the mouth. They never did anything but oral sex and

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the climax of their regular act was to sixty nine each other.

When all six were undressed they went to work on Larry. Licking, biting, sucking, nipping and always fucking.

There was always a tit in each one of his hands, a quiff in his face and something wrapped around his cock. There was never a second's rest. He came almost immediately and knew by the vicelike tightness that the Nordic chick had scored first. He was not worried about keeping it up, but he was surprised that they unloaded him so early.

It never stopped. One girl would get on, hump for awhile and dismount. Whenever his dick started to descend, wet luscious lips would encompass his rod and re-arouse his interest so that he could be straddled again. His tongue flitted and dipped in and out of opening after opening and for the first time in his life his prick throbbed with pain and not ecstasy. The show was even longer than he thought. Two hours elapsed before the girls stopped.

Then there was a crescendo of applause and a beam of light centered on Maggie St. James as she entered wearing a neck to floor gown. Her arms were bare and the gown was slit on each side up to her waist so that her shapely legs flashed in the spotlight. It was obvious she wore no undergarments because a slight film of perspiration blotted the area of her womanhood. She was carrying a large silver tray and walked slowly towards the bed allowing every contour of her body

to jiggle suggestively. Her nipples seemed to glow through the material and her growing nearness sent a strange tingle through Larry's body.

When she set the tray down beside the recumbent figure his cock sprang to life. A piece of black velvet covered the tray. Maggie smiled at Larry and carefully took a firm hold of his tired but still responding prick.

She stared at him and said through clenched teeth, "Hi, you cocksucker. I've got your number. You should have just kept screwing and forgotten your delusions of grandeur."

Maggie pulled back the velvet cover revealing a well honed carving knife. Then she languidly massaged his stiffened tool.

"It is beautiful, you know. So are you. At times I've even wanted you to fuck me because I haven't been fucked good in a long time."

If there was any fear in Larry he was doing a great job of hiding it.

"I'm going to cut your cock off, Larry." There was no emotion in his response.

"Maggie, I'm the first guy with any balls that you've ever dealt with. I'm the first one to take you on and win. You've got the upper hand this minute but when it's over you'll have nothing. Your Carnival, your cast, my cock, nothing. It's your choice lady. You can have me which is what I think you really want and the whole ball of wax or nothing at all."

"You are sure of yourself for being in

such a vulnerable position. Maybe that's what I like about you." During the course of the conversation she had never stopped playing with his balls and penis. "But you are right, the choice is mine."

She raised the carving knife for the audience to see. Then she stepped in front of the bed and lopped off the bottom portion of the expensive gown revealing her pussy and the sharp quality of the blade.

Maggie returned to the bed and continued massaging Larry's cock. As she brought the blade within teasing distance of his delicate member the crowd tittered and Larry's body tensed. Perspiration began to spill from his body.

With a quick downward movement she cut the ropes securing him to the bed.

"I just want you to know who really is boss," she exclaimed.

Maggie St. James then lay down next to him on the bed facing the audience while spreading her inviting legs. Her honey pot split so that her womanhood flowered and she moved the lower portion of her body so that her hole beckoned. The audience was in a fever pitch of wanton desire. Larry caressed the insides of her thighs and fingered her pussy. Then he mounted her and began the best fuck of their lives.

As Larry rammed in and out of her, Maggie smiled with pleasure. He would probably never know if he had won the battle or if she had let him win.

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GERARD DAMIANO

(Continued from page 46)

FLICK: Well, how do you get them excited to the point where they ball when they're supposed to?

DAMIANO: First of all, don't get the idea that we are so businesslike that we aren't having a ball, because every person working for me is grooving on the job of making a film, and that's the excitement of it. Then you have to find the right people for the right job. Now, this has nothing to do with sexual prowess. The most important thing, obviously, are the women, but the pitfalls are with the men. Women can fake sex, and if they're good actresses they can do a good job, but a man has to perform. You cannot fake that.

It has to be there. Now, a man can be a great lover off-screen, that doesn't mean he can perform on the screen, and vice versa. You have to look for exhibitionistic tendencies in your actors and actresses. Some people are turned on by the audience—sexually turned on. I know a lot of people who are into partying and swinging. They need to perform. They need the applause. This turns them on. I look for that in a male. If I can get an exhibitionist who can act as well, then I just give him a bigger part—and I have to differentiate—this guy is a great actor, but he can't ball—this guy is a good fucker, but he can't act. And then I write accordingly, then direct, and then edit exactly what I have in mind to fit each individual person. I never ask someone to do what they can't do, because I'm only kidding myself. If I have a scene where I'm looking for anal balling, it's silly for me to use a girl or a guy who's not turned on by it. It's so much easier to find a couple that are turned on to it and then use them. I never, never get anybody to do anything that's going to make them uncomfortable.

FLICK: In order to decide if they're appropriate, do you invite them in and test them out?

DAMIANO: No. Because that wouldn't work at all. I put them through a mental screen test. I used to ask people what they like to do but because invariably actors and actresses will say, 'I like to do anything.' I stopped. By asking them what they like, I got the same answer: 'I like to do everything.' But when we came down to the nitty-gritty, they'd say I like to do everything except that, or I can't do that. So what I started asking them was, 'What don't you like to do?' Then they would give me a list of the things they didn't like. This was my clue. Then I knew what they really got turned on to, because it's very hard in a cold interview to ask a person to tell you something as personal as sex, and what they really groove on. I can also let them

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understand that I would never ever make them uncomfortable. Now, some of the actresses would say, 'There's nothing I don't like to do—it just depends on the man.' They were saying that if there was someone I was not turned on to or was incompatible with my personality—that would make it difficult. Then, the clue would be to put the two of them together, not sexually, but mentally, and they would sit down and talk. If the girl didn't have an affinity for a certain gentleman, I would get her someone else. After awhile, it became a lot easier, because it almost became like a closed society of actors and actresses in X-rated films. So you almost knew everybody. But, for me, I would almost continually look for new females, but try to hold on to the guys that proved that they could perform, and then there was the matter of structuring the film so that this particular person could do his role without too much trouble. *Deep Throat* was an ideal example. It was written for Linda Lovelace—it was her. She was just playing herself. If I had given her something else, she would not have been successful. But the important thing for me, as a director, is that I can communicate with anyone, on their particular level, who works for me

FLICK: In the scene in *Devil in Miss Jones* where Georgina Spelvin has two guys fucking her—did you do that in a single take?

DAMIANO: No. First I concentrated on Miss Spelvin's face and the dialogue. The stream of consciousness in her face and the energy in that was important. So, first I went to the close-up of her face without any balling. There was just one body under her, and the other one over her, and I shot the scene from beginning to end of her dialogue. Then we went back and actually did the mechanics.

FLICK: How do you go about sustaining erotic interest of a feature-length porno movie?

DAMIANO: It's impossible. Sex in and of itself is boring. There is a level of interest that is very shortly satiated. What you have to do is to bring in variety, which is a whole lot of different things. I try to create things with light and mood. In *Portrait*, I did a great deal of work with color gels. Some of the scenes were blue. Others were green. I was trying to make it interesting to myself as an artist, and still understand that there is a tendency here to bore the audience. I had to make as much of a variation in the action and the presentation of the action as possible to keep it interesting because the physical act of making love is boring. The physical act of love is probably only thirty per cent of the over-all act. That's why people might be screwing more now and enjoying it less.



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You have to deal with the psychological aspect of love. Most people think they can satisfy their sexual needs by masturbating, but they cannot because then there is no psychological aspect. Two people being in love—it's more exciting. The average person cannot really get off by paying a hooker. She gets him physically, but destroys him psychologically. A woman going to bed with a man to further her own position can't be satisfied because she's committing the physical act of sex, but there's nothing mental to it. In viewing film, I think the same holds true. The physical aspect of a girl going down on a guy, if that's all you have, is boring. I tried to present it in such a way that it would not be boring. But I understand that it is. I tried to break it up by putting in a pantomime scene that I hope the audience will like, just to break up the monotony. Now, when I give the very best that I can put into it, and it still doesn't work, then I think we come to the ultimate reason why there is no such thing as pornographic films. It has to be something else. There has to be more to it (than just explicit sex). A stream of sexual consciousness is a bore. You have to have a film, you have to have good actors, you have to have a story, you have to have a reason for the film's existence—then, within that framework, if there is a need for a small amount of sexually explicit material, then you will excite an audience. And that's where it should be. But to have just a loop of sexually explicit material is dumb and boring and ridiculous, but until we were able to do that, we would never know. I've done it, and now I know. I hope that by now everyone else knows. Now I think pornography is all over. The only thing that will sustain an audience is good entertainment.

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